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THE VOTE OF CREDIT.

“WITH a certain elevation of language, which was a sure mark that he was going to commit a base-ness, he declared that he was determined to do his duty to Heaven and his country.” These unpleasant words were written by an historian of this century with regard to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. They may possibly have occurred to more persons than one (they certainly occurred to one) when Mr. GLADSTONE delivered the speech of Monday week marked with so much elevation of language. And all those to whom they occurred must have devoutly hoped that the omen would not be fulfilled, and that no historian of the twentieth century would have occasion to echo MACAULAY’s words and apply them to Mr. GLADSTONE. To judge by the debate which exactly a week later took place in the House of Commons, a very considerable number of the members of that House doubt whether the hope has been justified. It may be added that a still more considerable number of those Englishmen who are not members of Parliament appear to share the doubt. We do not in this particular place examine the bearings of the somewhat mysterious agreement between the Governments of England and Russia; that is done elsewhere. It is sufficient that doubts to the above effect were very largely entertained in Parliament, and still more largely entertained in the country, and that these doubts fully justified, and more than justified, the altered attitude of the House of Commons towards the Vote of Credit. It is that attitude, and the expression of it in and out of the House, that here concern us.

It naturally does not please Mr. GLADSTONE’s unhesitating followers that a discord should have arisen among the train who on Monday week unanimously applauded Mr. GLADSTONE; but they seem to be a little uncertain what ground of objection to take. The natural man prompts them to exult over the fact that it is of no use for the House to grumble, that Mr. GLADSTONE’s elevated language has had its effect, and has secured, practically speaking, the promise of the money. It will hardly do, however, to represent their great leader too openly as a leader of the Diddler kind, and therefore jubilation over the bubbling of the Tories is tempered by expostulation with the Tories for ceasing to be patriotic. They are urged to consider how dangerous it would be to disarm the Government. The natural answer is that it can do no possible harm to disarm one of two combatants who has just given the other to understand that he does not mean fighting. That is what the entire Opposition openly, and probably a majority of Ministerialists secretly, believe that the Government has done. That is the view which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL put on Monday in a speech so far exceeding in argument, statesmanship, accuracy, and good sense any speech hitherto made by him in Parliament that a new era in his Parliamentary career may be said to date from that day. That is what Lord SALISBURY again expressed in his own fashion at Hackney the day after, and that, we venture to add, is the view taken by at least seven men out of ten who consider the facts known to the public from any other point of view than that of unquestioning acquiescence in whatever Mr. GLADSTONE does. Now on this view (and the fact of its existence, not the justification for it, is the point of importance) the House of Commons is not only entitled, but bound, to delay the final arrangements for putting the eleven millions into the hands of the Government until it

has full information on the points whether the eleven millions are wanted or not, whether they will be spent for the purpose for which they were voted or not, and whether the elevated language by which they were obtained was or was not an ingenious device for securing the payment of liabilities already incurred for a different purpose altogether.

So much nonsense is talked by the pro-Russian and pro-Ministerial press about Russophobia that it seems to be worth while to illustrate somewhat more fully the view which, as has been said, the whole Opposition publicly, and probably more than half the followers of the Government privately, take of this matter. No Englishman that we know of has any objection to a Russian as such or to Russia as a European Power. Except Austria, there is no European Power with which, but for one single point, England might get on better. That point is the undeviating persistence and the incurable duplicity of Russian designs on Turkey, Persia, and India in the larger sense. Only advocates who look at the retainer, and ignorant persons who look at nothing at all, can deny that in the matter of expansion southwards, especially south-eastwards, Russian undertakings and promises are the merest waste-paper. Not unfrequently Russia has benevolently and candidly stipulated that they are to be only waste-paper, and once or twice, as in the ever-memorable Candahar debate, pledges have been put in the mouth of one English instrument to be repudiated or qualified by another. Impudence may deny, and carelessness may forget or neglect, these facts; but, except in these two ways, there is nothing to be done with them. It is as certain to every man of sense and reading that any engagements which Russia may now make with regard to Zulficar, or to Herat, or to Afghanistan generally, will be perfectly valueless, as it is certain that, short of the breaking down of the solar system, the sun will rise to-morrow. To spend, therefore, eleven millions in obtaining no matter what paper agreement with Russia (we postpone, as we have said, examination into the particular details of the agreement), or six millions or six pence, is simply throwing the money away. To spend six pence or six millions or sixty millions on forcing Russia back may be wicked or unwise from this or that point of view, but at any rate it is paying money for value. Drive a Russian out of Penj-deh, or Merv, or Askabad, or anywhere else; and the laws of the universe, at any rate, secure the result that the Russian is not there. Extract a promise from the Russian not to go to Zulficar, or to Herat, or anywhere else, and it simply means that he will not go there till he has an opportunity to go. This fact, which has always been known to all men who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with it, is now known to a great many Englishmen; and it is this fact which explains the altered attitude of the House and the nation to the Vote of Credit. It was thought that the money was to be spent either in forcing Russia back or in making preparations which would frighten Russia back; it is apparently to be spent in exacting a promise that Russia will not go further forward than she at present has a mind to go. We heard on Monday week of one kind of investment for the money, and we heard on Monday of an entirely different kind. The eleven millions were to have been invested on landed security; they are now to be invested in Russian IO U’s. They were to be spent in an “Imperial policy,” and the Imperial policy turns out to be a policy of huddling up the matter anyhow. When the money was asked for, the Government was to “go forward”; it now appears

that it has gone back. On Monday week Mr. GLADSTONE knew the attack was a Russian attack; on Monday he was apparently going to discuss whether there was any Russian attack at all. On Monday week he knew that our ally had committed no offence; on Monday some fourth person was going to arbitrate whether, *par hasard*, our ally, by his servants, had committed an offence. Now there certainly seem to many plain folk to be some remarkable differences between the description of the article that was to be bought with the eleven millions and the character of the article which apparently has been bought. We staked our money against the brown horse, and it seems we are to be paid with the bay. That, at least, is the view entertained by the considerable section of Englishmen above referred to, and it is scarcely surprising that it should result in such debates as that of Monday night. For our part we do not hesitate to say that we think the view a perfectly just view, that we consider the unanimity of Monday week to have been obtained on false pretences, and that, whatever may be the details of the proposed settlement, its general scheme seems to us both discreditable to England as regards the past and certain to be productive of trouble as regards the future. Further, we hold that, good or bad, it was not the kind of settlement which the House of Commons had in view when it promised Mr. GLADSTONE the eleven millions, that bad faith has been kept with the House, and that (as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT does not like the word, it is well to use it) a new and extraordinary system of *virement* has been introduced into English finance. Eleven millions were promised to buy success, honour, and profit; they are, it seems, to be spent on befoolment, disgrace, and loss. Now these two sets of things are scarcely identical; and it is believed to be a principle of the English Constitution that money voted for one purpose may not be spent on another.

#### EGYPT.

DESPITE the apparent differences between Mr. GLADSTONE's statements and M. SERRIÈRE's placards, it would seem that the account given last week of the solution of the *Bosphore Egyptien* difficulty is correct on the whole, and that the acknowledgment of technical errors in the suppression of the paper does not carry with it a permit for reappearance. Nevertheless, the affair can only be regarded as one out of which England has come second best, and it makes more urgent than ever the question What is Sir EVELYN BARING supposed to be at Cairo for? We all know what humorous and lingering punishment the late General GORDON devised for Sir EVELYN's shortcomings. And it must be admitted that, whether the English Resident would have been justly punished by bumping on a dromedary backwards and forwards between Korosko and Abu Hamed or not, one thing is quite certain. He might as well have been in the middle of the desert, or in the middle of the ocean, as at Cairo during the *Bosphore* matter. If an English Resident will not take the trouble, or has not the sense and knowledge, to see that a proceeding certain to excite international difficulties is carried out with strict technical formality, what is the good of keeping an English Resident? As it is, another has been added to the long list of snubs and stumbles which, under the supervision of this singular agent, English policy has met with in Egypt. We hear a great deal about withdrawal from Egypt. If withdrawal meant only the withdrawal of Sir EVELYN BARING, there would be dry eyes both in Egypt and England.

Various accidents have brought about something like a renewal of the discussion as to the circumstances and the responsibilities of the death of General GORDON. Mr. WILFRID BLUNT's letter to the *Times* on Monday displays the usual pragmatism of that connoisseur in diplomacy and blood stock, with more than his usual forgetfulness of the interests of his own country when his beloved Bedouins are in question. But his arguments about inhumanity are strong *ad hominem*. And he is very likely right in his indication of another agent besides FARAJ in the betrayal of GORDON, as he certainly is right in his description of the policy which proved fatal to Professor PALMER. The interesting descriptions of the actual fall of Khartoum (Mr. GLADSTONE will probably not read them) which appeared on Thursday in the *Daily News* show, however, that FARAJ was certainly the most prominent and generally known agent in the betrayal, though AWWAM may have been at the bottom of the affair. The vigorous, if by no means judicial,

attack on Sir CHARLES WILSON which has been made in the *Fortnightly Review* seems to have chiefly affected the partisans of the Government, as suggesting a scapegoat for their apostolic PRIME MINISTER. Certainly the *Saturday Review*, which, with very few voices on its side, urged the importance of not losing a moment in advancing after Abu Klea to Khartoum, is not likely to palliate the inexplicable pottering about Metemneh and Shendy which sealed GORDON's fate. But before Sir CHARLES WILSON is made responsible, it would be well to know exactly what private as well as public orders Sir HERBERT STEWART had from Lord WOLSELEY, as well as other matters, some of which are not and some of which will never be known. It is well also to remember that the appointment of a second officer, skilled in actual war, to take the command in emergencies, might have seemed of supreme importance to the person who despatched such a forlorn hope as the Bayuda expedition. But, however these things may be, a friendly caution may be given to Mr. GLADSTONE's enthusiastic defenders that they should hesitate before fastening upon Sir CHARLES WILSON. For, if it was so criminal of Sir CHARLES to delay for two or three days, what is the criminality of a Government which delayed twice as many months?

From Souakim there comes a pathetic despatch by the Correspondent of the *Times*, who, like the rest of us, very much wants to know what is going to be done, and is put off by "his Lordship" with a pleasant jest to the effect that "we shall know all about it before long." Perhaps it is wrong to suspect "his Lordship" of poking fun at the PRIME MINISTER, though, unless rumour lies beyond her wont, Lord WOLSELEY is little better pleased with Mr. GLADSTONE's Egyptian policy than we are ourselves. But the sentence is really excellent irony on the proceedings of our governors. Everything that has been done in Egypt for three years appears to have been done, not on the principle of knowing all about it before it is done, but of knowing all about it before long. For the present it certainly cannot be said that anybody seems to know all about it, or anything about it. The hapless coolies who have been cruising backwards and forwards cooped up on board ship in the very hottest patch of the hottest region upon earth have come back to Souakim, and before long it will doubtless be known what is to be done with them. "As the heat increases the cases of fever" and other disease assume a less favourable aspect." So, again with a possibly unconscious but grim irony, the medical reports have it. Before long it will probably be known beforehand, as well as afterwards, that cases of fever and other disease have a remarkable tendency to assume a less favourable aspect as the thermometer rises. On the other hand, we have killed twenty more Arabs (some reports even say sixty) and destroyed another well with gun-cotton. As there have hitherto been no fruits of the Souakim expedition except the killing of Arabs and the destruction of wells with gun-cotton, it is to be presumed that we must be thankful for a continuance of the results at which Mr. GLADSTONE is presumably aiming. Lord WOLSELEY, who appears to be delivering himself of sentences of preternatural wisdom, is reported to have said that it would be no use making the railway to Berber unless "we are at Berber to meet it," and we very heartily agree with him. Your railway, when made through a country of hostile savages, certainly requires to be "met" at its termination quite as much as a young lady from the country who arrives at a London terminus. But this also appears to be one of the recondite truths which the Government has not mastered, or had not mastered before ordering that the railway should be begun. When the last bill is paid and the last soldier buried, it seems likely that the Government of England will have come into possession of quite a Golden Book of prudential maxims of conduct and reasoned criticisms of life. That you should look before you leap, that it is well not to shout before you are out of the wood, that while the grass grows the steed starves, that many a little makes a mickle, and dozens more of the choicest apophthegms of Poor RICHARD and his fellows, were, it must be supposed, entirely unknown to the Cabinet which contains Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE. They know them all now, or do not know them, which latter conclusion, though the less comfortable, seems the more probable when their actual dealings in another part of the world are considered. Meanwhile, the reports from Souakim and Debbeh are agreeably varied by accounts of visits to the hospitals; and it seems that, unless great trouble is taken to kill Arabs, dysentery and enteric fever may put the balance of



"results" on the wrong side. In Egypt itself the interests of England are being busily bargained away on the Suez Canal Commission, or bungled at Cairo, as has been done in the matter of the *Bosphore*. But *quicquid delirant* Sir EVELYN and Sir EVELYN's employers in Downing Street, the gallant officers and men in the tents on the Nile, and the hospital ships at Souakim are surely, and not slowly, paying the penalty. And there are found in England abundant defenders of the Government to maintain that the Government is perfectly blameless. True, it sent one expedition up the Nile in such circumstances that it was almost impossible for that expedition to do the work it had to do. True, it sent another to Souakim to do work which no one, friend or foe, has yet been able to define or discover, and is keeping it there after the very pretence of doing anything has been explicitly given up. But, nevertheless, there is no fault to be found with the Government policy in Egypt either in these respects or in respect of the suspension of the Sinking Fund, or of the Anglo-French agreement, or of the *Bosphore Egyptien*, or of the Suez Canal Commission, or of anything. In fact, it is better to cut the matter short, and say that there is no fault to be found with the Government in respect of anything. That is in reality the contention of the defenders of this Ministry, and it would save time, trouble, and temper if they would lay it down frankly, and let the particular applications be drawn silently from the general principle.

#### ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENTAL POWERS.

THE unfriendly bearing of almost all the Continental Powers to England is puzzling as well as painful. French and German newspapers seem habitually to copy the abusive language which in the beginning of the century was provoked by the steady and solitary resistance of England to the tyrannical ambition of NAPOLEON. Students of history well know that in those days Germany as well as France was excluded from all accurate knowledge of the domestic and foreign politics of England. Political cant is long-lived, and some of the phrases of recent journalism perhaps survive from the time when all Europe crouched with eager servility at the foot of the conqueror. All who have even a superficial knowledge of the controversial literature of the first French Empire recognize with a sense of amused familiarity charges of commercial selfishness and national hypocrisy. It matters little to critics who are ignorant, and not always independent, that the whole policy of England has been reversed since the days when the charge of trade monopoly was plausible or just. In all the wide regions which are protected by the English flag foreign competition on equal terms is now universally admitted. The semi-official exponents of what passes for German opinion anticipate with delight the Russian conquest, which would close the Indian ports to a commerce which is now absolutely free. French aspirations are so far more intelligible than they are founded on a hope of dividing the spoil. It is true that the commercial and maritime superiority of England to all rivals is not less conspicuous than in the time of the great French war, when it was established and maintained by force; but English vessels possess almost a monopoly of the carrying trade only because they do their work cheaper and better; and the selfishness of merchants and shipowners is exhibited only in greater industry, larger capital, and more skilful conduct of business.

It is not known whether intelligent Germans share the real or ostensible prejudices of the writers who undertake to express the national opinion. It might have been thought that common interests, historical relations, and study by either community of the literature of the other might have produced in Germany a feeling of good-will which was until lately universally entertained to that country by educated Englishmen. In the whole course of modern history there has been no quarrel between the two nations, for even when England and Austria took opposite sides in the Seven Years' War, the efforts of England were almost exclusively directed against France, and Austria was fully occupied in the struggle with Prussia. FREDERICK the Great, though he hated England with a bitterness which is revived in the person of his virtual successor, confined his hostility to angry words and to diplomatic intrigues. In the next generation the repeated struggles of Austria with NAPOLEON were aided by English subsidies, and both countries shared in the final overthrow of the oppressor. There is unfortunately no doubt that the great statesman who rules

Germany is bent on injuring and humiliating the ancient and natural ally of his country. It is difficult to understand his motives or the objects which he hopes to attain by aggrandizing Russia at the expense of England. His policy is indeed so paradoxical that some serious critics attribute his conduct to personal irritation against Mr. GLADSTONE. It may be admitted that maladroit proceedings of the English Cabinet tend to excuse or to explain a feeling of resentment; but it might have seemed incredible that such a man as Prince BISMARCK should in a fit of temper promote or facilitate a rupture between two powerful neighbours, with a view to the humiliation or ruin of an ancient ally. There is no doubt that antagonisms of intellect and character account for many private enmities; and if it is true that Prince BISMARCK is largely actuated by personal feelings, it is conceivable that Mr. GLADSTONE's virtues and defects may be almost equally repugnant to his taste. Inveterate love of verbal ambiguities and sophisms, the habit of taking a sentimental view of public affairs, and habitual deference to popular flattery and clamour may probably jar on the nerves of a bold and masterful ruler; yet, if Prince BISMARCK's course is really determined by dislike of an uncongenial temperament, his subordination of policy to passion is more unworthy of a statesman than any weakness which can be ascribed to Mr. GLADSTONE. It is difficult to judge whether the unanimous ill-will of the German political press represents the national feeling. It is certain that the official and semi-official papers consult the wishes rather of their patron than the judgment of their readers. Only a few years ago the same bitter feeling seemed to be directed against Russia; and ostensible public opinion coincided then as now with official policy.

A readjustment of diplomatic relations would perhaps reconcile the German people as well as their Government to England. The revival of the secular hostility of France is more spontaneous and more genuine. Sixty years of peace, during which the two Governments have sometimes been closely allied, have not abated the malignity which might in former times have been explained by centuries of war. Mr. GLADSTONE's capricious preference of French to German connexions has failed to propitiate the good-will of any political party. For many years the representatives of France in Egypt intrigued against their English colleagues. The refusal of their Government to join in the suppression of ARAB's rebellion was a consequence of jealous distrust, though it might under wise guidance have proved to be a happy accident. From that time to the present the French Government and its agents have thrown every possible difficulty in the way of a settlement of Egyptian affairs. The privileges which are secured to the subjects of European Powers were used to protect a scurrilous French newspaper, which actually rendered itself the organ of the enemy while the English troops were opposed to him in the field. When the authorities at Cairo at last undertook to suppress the offending journal, the French Vice-Consul gave the proprietors the protection of his presence; and his Government, taking advantage of the expected rupture between Russia and England, has taken the opportunity of exacting a humiliating apology. In the Russian quarrel the French press has, with few exceptions, espoused the cause of the aggressor; and the professed aspiration for revenge on Germany has been abandoned or suspended in the more earnest animosity against England.

It matters little whether successive French Ministers themselves share the hostile feelings to which they give effect. The FERRYS and the FREYCINETS probably take the course which they believe to be popular in the Assembly and in the country. If German antipathy to England descends from Ministerial regions, French hostility originates below. The frivolity of the supposed pretexts indicates the genuineness of the popular prejudice. The neutrality of England in 1870 is actually regarded as a grievance, although interference on behalf of a wanton aggressor would have been as unjust as it would have been impolitic. Among the bitterest assailants of England are the Orleanists and the Bonapartists, although both LOUIS PHILIPPE and NAPOLEON III. were during the greater part of their respective reigns closely allied with the English Government. It is true that one of them arranged the infamous Spanish marriages; and that the EMPEROR was on the eve of his downfall plotting the annexation of Belgium; but it is not for wrongdoers to complain of their own bad faith or injustice. The motives of the great body of Republicans are still less intelligible; but their predecessors in the last

generation were in the habit of denouncing the English alliance for the purpose of holding up the Governments of the time to popular odium. Writers of the school of LOUIS BLANC and LEDRU ROLLIN had inherited and cherished the old hatred of the Jacobins of the first Revolution to the countrymen of PITT. In later times the Protectionist majority resented the beneficent innovation of COBDEN'S Treaty, with the proof which it afforded that the EMPEROR was in one department of public affairs more enlightened and more patriotic than his Republican opponents.

Although Englishmen feel that they are wronged by foreign prejudice, they may well doubt whether any change of political demeanour would satisfy their inveterate adversaries. There is, indeed, no excuse for the discourtesy which has been shown by the present Government to natural allies; but it is impossible that personal causes of offence should be permanent or durable. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the absurd provocation offered by MR. GLADSTONE, Austrian opinion seems to incline to England rather than to Russia, although the overwhelming influence of the German Government is exercised in the opposite direction. Italian statesmen are, at the same time, disposed to cultivate the friendship of a Power which Frenchmen of all parties think fit to regard as an enemy. It is understood that but for England the conversion of the Mediterranean into a French lake would be speedily accomplished. Turkey, though it wavers for the moment, will ultimately gravitate to a natural ally rather than to an implacable enemy and oppressor. Foreign Powers may perhaps feel certain that no future English Minister will perpetrate exactly the same blunders with MR. GLADSTONE. The opinion of the United States, which will have no direct interest in a possible war, seems to be divided; but, if Irish influence were excluded, there is some reason to believe that the majority of Americans would sympathize with England. Ten years ago, when a war with Russia seemed imminent, the old American jealousy of England was apparently in full vigour. It would be easy to excite it to fury by impolitic interference with neutral merchant ships.

#### RESTORATION OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE Committee which was appointed in November to consider the best method of dealing with the west face of Westminster Hall has at last reached the end of its somewhat protracted labours, although the world must yet wait awhile for the evidence tendered by that miscellaneous body of experts whose advice has very properly been sought. The work was exhaustive, but the result is satisfactory, as it has led to an all but unanimous conclusion—that is to say, to one with only a minority of two against—in favour of MR. PEARSON'S suggestion of a two-storied building along the face of the Hall, low enough to leave in view the flying buttresses and the windows, and protecting the Norman wall, designed on the general lines of the construction which there is good reason to suppose was built in the reign of RICHARD II. and reproducing the style of his age, and of another building at right angles to the Hall and facing New Palace Yard, also following old lines in its design; this treatment being not only recommended on artistic and archaeological grounds, but for its practical usefulness as affording more rooms for the service of the State. As this solution was the one favoured by the Chairman, MR. LEFEVRE, who, in rising from the Board of Works to the Post Office, still kept hold of this special question, the Committee resolved itself into a pleasant family party for editing his report, which it has brought into a very readable condition. In the meanwhile an unexpected question arose, and lengthened the inquiry. Some thirty years ago SIR CHARLES BARRY propounded a grandiose project for the completion of the Palace of Westminster, of which the conspicuous features were a wing from St. Stephen's Porch running in front of Westminster Hall, and taking the place of the Law Courts, which were even then condemned, and ending with a gigantic gatehouse at the north-west angle of New Palace Yard, from which another building ran at right angles along Bridge Street, dying against the Clock Tower. After several years' suspense, this scheme was formally given up in 1865. Now, however, as Westminster Hall became a matter of Parliamentary inquiry, MR. CHARLES BARRY appeared with the plea that at least the realization of his father's project should not be made impossible. The Committee might, if it had pleased, have pleaded the Statute of Limitations. But we think it

showed a wiser judgment in giving to MR. BARRY a respectful hearing, and the time was well spent by the proof which it afforded that, grand as the scheme might be, the disadvantages incident on its adoption were greater than its merits.

It was like a gleam of old times to see MR. AYRTON seated and teaching a wondering Committee the laws of taste. As however he considered that Westminster Hall, as now disclosed to view, was "merely a gigantic barn, and a perfect eyesore, in connexion with and relative to the House of Parliament," and that it would be desirable to conceal it from view by the erection of a building in front of it, we fear that his ripe wisdom was held in small account by the youngsters who composed the Committee.

The Report finds it necessary to explain that some of the witnesses who appeared to oppose MR. PEARSON "represented a distinct school of archaeological opinion. These gentlemen object in principle to any attempt to restore or reconstruct on the lines of buildings which existed in former days. Any additions to or restorations of an old building such as Westminster Hall should, in their opinion, be of a markedly modern character." Such a chance as the opportunity of testifying before the House of Commons, and withal of extinguishing the great heresiarch PEARSON, was not to be lightly neglected. The champions of anti-restoration came up smiling, and the members of the Committee who had scraped familiarity with many successive fads, but never before with this one, listened incredulous. The upshot of the great effort was "they think that it" (the structure for preserving the old Norman wall) "should be as distinct and different from the character of the Hall as possible. The solution most favoured by them was that a gallery should be erected under the buttresses and against the wall, at a distance of only eight feet from it, of wood and plaster, after the style of old buildings in Cheshire and elsewhere, the wood to be painted black and the plaster-work white. Two rows of square-headed windows, it is proposed, should be inserted in this structure. No use is required of it further than to preserve the face of the wall."

A question had arisen between persons who generally approved of MR. PEARSON'S plan whether the cloister-like building should be of one or two stories; the controversy turning on how much of the flying buttresses and of the windows of Westminster Hall would be visible under either treatment. The question was solved by the bold expedient of constructing alternative life-sized models, giving an aspect of artificial completion to the Hall. The experiment was exceedingly picturesque, and it resulted in the general verdict in favour of the two-storied building of which, from the first, MR. PEARSON was the decided advocate.

MR. PEARSON'S proposal included raising the stumpy and mongrel towers with which the entrance of Westminster Hall is now flanked. He owned that this could not be based on reference to history or past record, but it was almost demanded by the extreme ungainliness of the existing front, which has almost an air of spuriousness. The opinions, however, of witnesses differed on the point. "Looking to the conflicting nature of the evidence, and to the fact that the raising of these towers is not an essential part of the scheme, your Committee are of opinion that it would be well to postpone any decision upon this part of MR. PEARSON'S designs until the effect of the proposed building of right angles to the Hall, both in respect of the existing towers and of the west side of the Hall itself, can be tested." We should have gladly taken the towers in hand at once, but we are willing to accept the more dilatory policy favoured by the Committee, rather than cross the assured success of the new building with an element of uncertainty.

#### CRICKET.

A MAN finds that the cricket season should open later every year he lives. The time was when every warm day in March, or even in February, meant practice at some such extremely early ground as that attached to the tavern beyond Folly Bridge. Then come the days when it appears a premature thing to begin cricket at Lord's on the 7th of May. But to hardy youth the 7th of May, with these terribly chilly encounters between Freshmen at Oxford and Cambridge, must seem a late deferring of the glories of the year. The season has opened, whether we enjoy or dread vernal cricket, and promises to be of interest equal to the average. The patriotic enthusiasm caused by matches with



the Australians will be missed. Australians of the right sort are still more patriotically engaged in the Soudan. We may wish them a more profitable task than the conducting of pipes "from a place where there is no water to drink to a place where there is no one to drink it." But, if we cannot have the pleasant, we also lack the more disagreeable, excitement of an Australian tour. There ought to be no troubles about gate-money, nor about the use of the terms "Mr." and "Esquire." On the other side, the question of throwing the great CROSSLAND controversy, still separates Notts and Lancashire. "It is understood in well-informed quarters" that Prince BISMARCK is not unwilling to give an arbitral "opinion," if we may borrow the style of our daily contemporaries on this difficult matter. Or perhaps the King of DENMARK would arbitrate, if properly approached. No stain whatever is cast on the honourable character either of CROSSLAND or of ALFRED SHAW, the question merely rests on the special application of the general theory of a throw. Probably no European arbiter would command greater respect for his decision than a monarch like the King of DENMARK, who has no personal or dynastic interest in the affair whatever. Failing him, the Sultan of ZANZIBAR might be relied on for an unbiased judgment. But it is doubted whether, after all, the counties will resort to arbitration.

At Lord's the march of luxury still continues. There are new bath-rooms and new dressing-rooms, and hot water (*O tempora, o mores!*) has been "laid on." What would Mr. MYNN have said to such extravagance as hot water?—Mr. MYNN, who exposed his manly shins, unprotected by anything stouter than silk stockings, to the swiftest bowling. The Dorian days of antique simplicity at Lord's are over; it is even possible to obtain a conventional luncheon in place of the hard biscuit and glass of beer of our ancestors. Hammocks will probably soon be hung for the repose of members, and a troop of Nautch girls engaged to dance between the innings. As to the counties, all men will rejoice to find that Mr. HORNBY continues to act as captain of Lancashire, and to set that example of cheerful and unresting activity which has won for him an honourable title. On the other side, Mr. I. D. WALKER ceases to be captain of Middlesex. "Grizzling hair the brain doth clear," and clear brains are excellent things in a captain; while Mr. WALKER, though a veteran, like IDOMENEUS, is as agile as ever in the field and as difficult a first wicket to dispose of as Middlesex could desire. However, he has chosen to retire on fresh and unfaded laurels, and Mr. WEBBE takes his place. No better cricketer could be found for the high office, and Mr. WEBBE probably exhausted his bad luck as a captain at Oxford. Worse luck surely no captain ever had than in those days, when the elements themselves entered into a conspiracy with Mr. STEEL and several LYTTELTONS to defeat Oxford year by year. Mr. C. T. STUDD, who seldom played last year, will be greatly missed by Middlesex as a bowler. He has gone to China, where it may be hoped that he will plant the standard of cricket in the flowering green-tea land. Mr. COTTERILL ought to be useful to Middlesex this year as a bowler; last year he was very successful against the blameless Antipodeans. Gloucester wants bowling as much as ever, for "W. G.'s" riddle is mastered, and WOOF cannot bowl at both ends. At the Universities many fair young Freshmen are reported; Mr. D'AETH and Mr. COCHRANE being of considerable promise, while Mr. BLAIR may "come on" again. Mr. PAGE continues the series of players with a style all their own, begun by Mr. GAME and Mr. FOWLER, while we understand that, at Cambridge, Mr. HAWKE returns to the game which lamented his absence last year. A match between SHAW's Australian team and England would be interesting, but we do not hear that it has been arranged. If the weather prove as favourable as last year, the cricket of 1885 will be worth seeing; but indeed any cricket was worth seeing in last year's delicious summer.

#### LEGACY AND SUCCESSION DUTIES.

THE equalization of the legacy and succession duties was not unexpected; and the proposal is too plausible to be rejected by the present House of Commons; but the estimated addition to the revenue is almost insignificant in proportion to the social and economical consequences which will result from the change. Some of the probable effects of the new taxation will be regarded by one class of politicians as intrinsically desirable. No other

fiscal measure would so effectually promote the breaking up of landed estates. Even the annoyance and inconvenience which will be inflicted on landowners will gratify their numerous assailants. Any objections which may be raised will be met by an appeal to the principles of equal justice; but in truth every long established fiscal system tends to correct the anomalies which it may have originally involved. Exceptional burdens or exemptions have been taken into account in all dealings with the subject-matter to which they may have applied. Purchasers of untaxed lands have paid in proportion to the value of the immunity, deducting perhaps a due allowance for the uncertain continuance of the privilege. If all taxes on various kinds of property were permanent, and subject neither to increase nor to diminution, new owners would fare neither better nor worse from inequality of burdens. A fixed charge, like the judicial rent due from an Irish tenant, would be deducted from the price as often as the property came into the market. Mr. GLADSTONE has frequently, for objects of his own, affirmed the proposition that rates and taxes were, like tithes, fixed charges on the land, and therefore not to be relinquished by the State without compensation. If his theory is sound, it follows that new taxes on property involve injustice, though the sufferers have hope for no equivalent relief. The proposed duties on succession to real property will probably amount on an average to 5 per cent. on the capital value. Nearly four-fifths of the whole amount of the tax will be now imposed for the first time. Landed property has hitherto not been liable to probate or account duty, and the succession duty was assessed not on the full value, but on the life-interest of the heir or devisee.

The legacy duties on personalty, which were first imposed towards the end of the American war, were afterwards on several occasions increased. The rate of charge has now for many years remained the same, ranging, as is well known, from 1 per cent. on lineal descent to 10 per cent. on bequests or devises from a stranger. Mr. LOWE at one time proposed, in accordance with an arbitrary economical theory, to equalize the charge on all acquisition by survivorship; but the House of Commons, in accordance with almost universal feeling, resolved to maintain the existing distinction. All the world takes it for granted that a son succeeds his father, but a person who has the good luck to inherit a fortune from a stranger is not likely to be an object of popular compassion. The succession duty was first imposed on real property by Mr. GLADSTONE's celebrated Budget of 1853, though leaseholds for terms of years had always been liable to legacy duty. The proposal was, as might be expected, distasteful to the representatives of the landed interest, who were then powerful in the House of Commons. It was easy to foresee that the modification of the duty by reference to the value of the successor's life and the exemption from probate duty would at some future time be repealed; but it was impossible to make the arguments against the measure generally intelligible; and Mr. GLADSTONE, supported with great ability by Sir RICHARD BETHELL, then Solicitor-General, was more than a match in debate for all opponents. As the duty was payable in eight half-yearly instalments, a thrifty successor might contrive to meet the charge on his life-interest out of his income, and money could then easily be raised on mortgage. In the event of a second change of ownership by death before the duty had been fully paid, the remaining instalments due on the earlier succession ceased to be payable. Mr. CHILDERS seems not to have stated whether this indulgence will henceforth continue. The tax is to be paid in four yearly instalments, involving so far no material change.

Those economists who are anxious to destroy large or moderately extensive landed estates may well regard the Budget with unmixed complacency. In many cases the increased duty will produce ruinous results. It may seem at first sight that all kinds of investments ought to contribute in proportion to their value to the service of the State. Stocks and shares and balances at banks are readily divisible; and the character of the residue after deduction of a percentage is probably not altered. The legacy and probate duties on other kinds of personalty are frequently found oppressive; but the hardship imposed on landowners will be on a larger scale. A successor to an estate nominally worth 20,000*l.*, claiming under a direct ancestor, will have to pay 5 per cent., or 1,000*l.*, in four annual instalments. His income, if he is fortunately situated, may perhaps amount to 600*l.* a year; but if the present agricultural depression continues, it may be reduced to half the amount, or in some cases to nothing.

The resource of borrowing on mortgage is not unlikely to become obsolete. Capitalists are more and more unwilling to accept a security which, if it has to be realized, may be not only worthless but burdensome. There are large tracts of land in different parts of England which can neither be sold nor let; and only the rashest of speculators would now advance money on an Irish mortgage. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue and the collectors will not readily accept as an excuse for non-payment of succession duty the worthless condition of the land; yet Mr. CHILDERS must be sanguine if he expects to receive any considerable sum from the plundered Irish landlords. In Great Britain insolvency will not be the rule, but it may, perhaps, be represented by a large reduction from the estimated produce of the tax. The difficulty of borrowing on mortgage will suggest the alternative of selling; but purchasers will not always be forthcoming. It is still wholly uncertain whether small freeholders will be able to establish themselves, especially when they must on the assumption pay ready money, and where the vendor will have no means of erecting houses or outbuildings. Large landowners are no longer as eager as formerly to increase their possessions.

If the anticipations of land reformers and projectors are hereafter realized, future Finance Ministers will have to provide some substitute for heavy succession duties. Under the present law, which in this respect is not likely to be altered, successions under the value of 300*l.* or 500*l.* are respectively taxed at low fixed rates. Even if such a system of graduation were not found in existence, small owners forming a powerful section of the constituency would relieve themselves from a burden which would embarrass each successor to the property. There are objections to all taxes, and those which are levied directly are the most unpopular; but legacy and succession duties exceed all other imposts in uncertainty and in capricious severity. Some theorists, indeed, hold a doctrine, first propounded by MILL, that the amount of inheritances and bequests should be limited by law, while the surplus should be appropriated by the State; but the customary belief that property naturally belongs to the family, and that it devolves after the death of the owner on his kindred, will not easily be disturbed. Cases of arbitrary disinheritance of children or near relatives are not sufficiently frequent to affect popular opinion; and legislative interference with the ancient mode of devolution would be systematically evaded. Where the deaths of two or three owners of a property occur in rapid sequence, succession duty becomes a grievous and extraordinary burden. In the common instance of a moderate estate accumulated in a trade or profession, the family may in a few years not only lose the income which was earned by its former head, but it must submit to be mulcted in a considerable share of the provision which he had made for survivors.

If any method can be devised which will lighten the pressure of a new burden upon landed property, the inconvenience of a tax upon a form of capital which cannot readily be divided will deserve indulgent consideration. Mr. CHILDERS himself admits in words that the exceptional demands of the State ought not to be exclusively satisfied by direct taxation. The petty contribution to his Budget which is to be made in the form of increased Excise and Customs duties has the merit of recognizing a principle; but, not to mention four additional millions of Income-tax, the new succession duty will not only be more oppressive than a percentage on beer and spirits, but it will survive a temporary modification of the tariff. It is possible that the fiscal system which has been elaborated by Mr. GLADSTONE and his predecessors may be only provisional. When some flatterer of the multitude ripens, as in an old Greek city, from a demagogue into a tyrant, his first task will be to assess a ransom corresponding either to the blackmail levied by a Highland freebooter, or, according to a later interpretation, to the fine for restoration of religious privileges which is levied on ritual offenders by a Brahmin or Oriental priest. When the happy readjustment of social relations is effected, a benevolent despot will, perhaps, condescend to remember that owners of property have not been exempted from their share of taxation. If they had not been conscious of their political weakness, they would, perhaps, have resisted the proposed addition to their burdens; but they have shown good sense by acquiescing in inevitable change. Representation has for some time past been virtually divorced from taxation. Under the new Constitution holders of property may have to rely on the doubtful moderation of the dominant section of the community.



## AUSTRIA.

THE approach of the elections once more attracts attention to the internal politics of the Austrian Empire, a difficult and at first sight a rather repulsive subject. That great State is composed of so many races who differ from each other in creed, in language, and in political and social opinion, that it seems almost hopeless to form a clear picture of the varying influences which determine the policy of the Government. Yet, under certain circumstances, the position adopted by Austria may be a matter of vital interest to England, and what that position is will to a large extent depend upon which party has a predominant influence. It may, therefore, be well to sketch in rough outline the origin and the sphere of the national tendencies which are at present most powerful in the Empire.

The Germans and the Magyars are beyond question the races which have hitherto displayed the greatest political ability, and the most promising sign of the present state of affairs is the fact that they show an increasing inclination to act together in presence of the danger with which both are threatened by the national aspirations of the Slavs. The Germans, it is true, are paying the penalty of the long supremacy which was secured to them by the influence of the Crown. The present Ministry in Austria, as distinct from Hungary, was formed by a union between the Clericals and the Slav party, and it has commanded a majority in Parliament. How long this understanding will last, and what the future Parliamentary power of the two groups may be, it is impossible to foresee; but the superior intelligence, wealth, and tenacity of the Germans are sure to make themselves felt when the mistakes of which they were guilty are forgotten. It is fortunate for the Empire that its foreign policy has not hitherto been made a party question, and that its present rulers are as anxious as their opponents to remain in intimate relations with Germany.

The Slav movement has a very different character in the different provinces. In Bohemia it had a literary origin, and was in its first stages greatly encouraged by Russian sympathy. The patriotic Czech is generally a Pan Slavist, unless his religious opinions are strongly Ultramontane. In Croatia, on the other hand, a dislike of the Magyars seems to have been the principal feeling that stimulated the desire for independent power. In 1848 the inhabitants of this province sided with the throne against the Parliament of Hungary, and they were not unnaturally displeased when in 1866 they found themselves still subject to the re-established kingdom. In the intervening regions, such as Carniola, the Slav movement is still purely artificial. Native lawyers, schoolmasters, and officials who desire to avoid the competition of men more highly educated than themselves, travel through the country and hold meetings to insist on their language being used in the law courts and to protest against German being taught in the village schools. The clergy, who dread the influence of a thought and literature which is Protestant and rationalistic in its tendencies, generally take the same side. Most of the electors who go to the poll vote for the national candidate; but they do so only because they are bid; they are, in truth, entirely indifferent to all political questions, though they, like almost all Austrians, possess a loyal devotion to the person of the EMPEROR. The Poles stand apart. Their Catholicism and the favour with which they have been treated attach them to the present Ministry; whereas their hatred of the Russians forms a bond of sympathy between them, the Germans, and the Magyars.

Though Pan Slavism is a danger to the whole of Western Europe, Austria is the country most immediately threatened. If Russia succeeds in gaining the leadership of the races which speak a language similar to her own, the frontiers of the Austrian Empire will be constantly threatened; if the latter endeavours to absorb them, she exchanges an external for an internal danger. It was this that made the virtual annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina so unpopular in Hungary. The Magyars feared that their ancient kingdom

was about to be overwhelmed by the addition of a multitude of subjects with no historical traditions or political training, and it is clear that any great increase of the Slav population would be a deathblow both to their own political influence and to that of the Germans.

Yet this may not be the design of the Cabinet of Vienna. The difference between the Slav races who adhere to the Roman Catholic and those who belong to the Greek Church is by no means one merely of ritual or religious opinion. They are divided from each other by their training, their habits, and their traditions. The former belong to the Western, the latter to the Eastern world. If Poland still existed as an independent kingdom, the other Catholic Slavs would see in her their natural leader, in the same way as the orthodox turn to Russia for advice and support, and thus the union of the whole Slav race into a single State—the greatest danger that threatens Europe—would be averted. Why should not Austria take the place that Poland might have occupied? The difficulties are many, great, and obvious; but it is by no means certain that some such plan is not entertained in Vienna, and, if it is so, it is certain that it is not viewed with disfavour in Berlin.

## THE ANNEXING TRAVELLER.

THE sudden death of Dr. NACHTIGAL removes a man who seemed to have a long career still before him. The German traveller, though only in middle age, can scarcely be said to have died prematurely. He is said to have been at all times of a weakly constitution, and it is not surprising that a man of fifty who had gone through the sufferings inseparable from such a journey as his through the deserts of Northern Africa, and who had lately been exposed to the pestilential climate of the Cameroons coast, should have been worn out or succumbed to an attack of fever. But Dr. NACHTIGAL's reputation was young in this country, and as we had heard but little of him till a very recent date, it was natural to suppose that he had still many years of activity left. To the many Englishmen who take an interest in African travel, and to scientific men, he had indeed been known personally or by repute for many years. The journey which he undertook to the barbarous negro Mahometan States which lie round Lake Chad between 1868 and 1874 had attracted considerable attention to his name. It was not his object to gain a sudden reputation, nor is it the custom of German men of science to make haste in publishing the results of their work, and he let years go by before giving the world the means of fully judging what he had done. When his account of his explorations was published, it was found more useful than entertaining, which is not uncommonly the case with German works of all kinds, and he therefore missed, what for the rest he probably never aimed at, the noisy popularity which has commonly been the reward of sensational travellers in this country. His fame was, however, made, and he gained the admiration of his countrymen, who, after constituting the German Empire by the most triumphant war of the last seventy years, were beginning to look beyond the bounds of Germany. The mission with which he was entrusted to the Sultan of BORNU was a curious instance of the boundless activity of modern States. In 1868 the King of PRUSSIA did not seem likely to have any dealings with a negro recently converted to Mahometanism who ruled over a savage population in the heart of Africa. Yet King WILLIAM sent an Ambassador with presents to his obscure fellow-sovereign. In this case it was the King of France who sent an Ambassador to the King of Siam. The potentate who ruled—and, if his throat has not been cut, may still rule—at Kuka was pleased with the honour done him, and helped the German doctor on his way. It was none the less laborious; and when Dr. NACHTIGAL reached Khartoum he had performed a feat which even the countrymen of SPEKE, BURTON, and LIVINGSTONE must acknowledge was one of the most remarkable things of the kind ever done.

Dr. NACHTIGAL will, however, be better remembered by later, though less laborious, explorations. His great discovery of the strange new Mahometan country in Central Africa, and all he did for the scientific world of Europe, may well be comparatively forgotten. They would have gained him a Geographical Society reputation, and little more. Within the last two years, however, he had a task to perform of a far more conspicuous kind. After a residence at Tunis in the peaceful and mainly commercial character of

Consul, he was chosen by Prince BISMARCK as the fittest man to prepare the way for the lately invented German policy of conquest and colonization. The character of annexing-traveller is not, indeed, wholly new. Modern Europe has before now made its barbarous neighbours familiar with the stranger who comes to spy out the riches and the weakness of the land. Dr. NACHTIGAL was, in fact, employed on just such an errand as the Portuguese who were sent East and West by Prince HENRY the Navigator and his brother JOHN II. In much later times Russia has always had at its disposal brave and skilful explorers, who are at all times ready to risk their lives by penetrating in one disguise or another among the natives of Central Asia; and these adventurers, whether they journeyed as doctors, botanists, or traders, have uniformly been the forerunners of invading armies. Within the last few years M. DE BRAZZA has shown that a vagabond French half-pay officer can still be so conscious of the dignity of his mission as to annex considerable districts in the name of the country he serves. His confidence has been justified by his reception at home. In Dr. NACHTIGAL's case, however, there was an important difference. He alone among the more famous travellers for Western Europe in recent years was distinctly sent out to annex. We all remember, even after worse experiences in later months, how he was summoned from his Consulate at Tunis, and despatched, duly provided with introductions from Lord GRANVILLE, "to make a general inquiry into the state of German commerce" in Western Africa last spring. In a few months, almost a few weeks, the true character of his mission was revealed. The world then learned that he had gone to annex a considerable territory in the name of Germany. The motives which induced Prince BISMARCK to carry out his colonial schemes in this particular fashion were guessed at with more or less plausibility, but they neither were known nor are likely to become known in our time with any degree of certainty. On the main fact, however, there was, and there could be, no doubt. Dr. NACHTIGAL sailed with the ostensible character of a peaceful explorer, but really armed with all the powers of a Government envoy. When the real nature of his mission was revealed by his acts, the transaction had all the appearance of a smart trick, and in the general surprise the agent who had executed it attracted the attention which was due to a novelty. Although his success was gained at our expense, there was not inclination in this country to express anger either at Dr. NACHTIGAL or his master. Whatever anger was felt on the occasion was directed against the English statesmen who gave them an opening and an excuse for acting as they did.

It is, however, one thing to abstain from foolish and useless abuse of this kind of enterprise, and quite another to conclude that the traveller of Dr. NACHTIGAL's stamp—that is, in his later journeys—is a respectable or welcome revival. Exploration in savage countries does commonly enough lead to annexation in the long run, but as a rule it has in recent generations not been immediately connected with conquest. The missionary and the trader who follow the explorer come in course of time to suffer wrongs, and need protection which can only be given in one form, but there has usually been an interval of sufficient length to make it appear improbable that there was an intention on the part of the strangers to conquer from the first. This apparently harmless character of the explorer has largely helped to protect him from the savages among whom he must live, and has therefore been the means of adding much to knowledge and of extending trade peacefully. If Dr. NACHTIGAL is to become a type, which seems highly probable, that will soon cease to be the case. Barbarians are naturally enough inclined to consider all new-comers as enemies, and they will cease to have any doubt on the subject after a little more experience such as they have recently had. But the effects which such enterprises as his may have on races which are sooner or later destined to be the victims of civilized nations are of less importance than their consequences among European States themselves. It was never a very hopeful undertaking to try to bring the relations of States under the direction of the rules which regulate the conduct of men in private life; but by a species of tacit arrangement it had not been the custom for some generations that great Governments should try and trip one another up by the smaller kinds of trickery. If all that part of the world which is not yet annexed by somebody too strong to be offended is to be overrun by pushing gentlemen of the most pronounced commercial-traveller kind,

each duly backed by his several corvette prepared to hoist flags and fight, it is obvious that colonial relations will be much and variously enlivened. It is true that the game of grab might be promptly and effectually stopped by the greatest of colonial Powers, but what prospect there is that the end will come in that way is sufficiently well known.

#### THE PINK TICKET.

IN the half-forgotten slang of the past, "the ticket," or "the pink ticket," was synonymous with everything satisfactory in the way of an arrangement. Now, if we may believe the correspondents who wail in the *Standard*, "the pink ticket" is another name for heartless official deception. The Exhibition of futile machines and cheap dinners at South Kensington has been opened, and many persons, speculating on a warm summer like that of last year, have purchased season-tickets. These tickets, by a peculiar malice of hypocrisy, are pink in hue, as if to delude the buyer into the belief that his prospects were as rosy as an ideal dawn, or twins (on canvas) by Mr. PHIL MORRIS. The advertisement of the season-tickets, too, was alluring, "and the same with intent to deceive." The documents were declared to be "available for the whole duration of the Exhibition," and to "admit to all parties." Lured by this glittering bait, the devotees of pleasure laid down guineas which they now feelingly deplore. But when, after disbursing twenty-one shillings, the arid owner of the pink ticket came to study the observations printed on the back, the glowing palaces of his fancy crumbled like the airy fabric of a vision, and left him lamenting the expedition with which a person of hasty judgment and impulsive action is sundered from the opulence that late he called his own. The pink tickets were like the fairies of Celtic tradition—fair and attractive in front, hollow and deceitful when viewed from behind. On the back, indeed, were endorsed remarks limiting the capabilities of the ticket and the legitimate enjoyments of its spirited proprietor. The ticket only acted, indeed, the charm of "Open Sesame," "except on two Wednesdays and two Fridays," manifestly the very Wednesdays and Fridays when most fun would be afoot, and when the futile machines would be adorned by the presence of the noblest and the fairest in the land. The purchaser had hoped to get "all that" (as a writer of distinction often says) for his money, and all that was not included in the guinea's worth. The part of the Exhibition known as the Royal Albert Hall was yet more shut and sealed against the miserable votary of pleasure, being closed on six Wednesday and two Saturday afternoons, and on Wednesday evening after six p.m. Other buyers had hoped to see a Prince for the money—a constitutional privilege which they were refused—nor could their pink tickets win them access to the opening ceremony. The Secretary of the Inventions Exhibition replies indeed, and officially, to the murmurs of a discontented people. The moral is that buyers ought not to be in a hurry, ought not to plunge recklessly on tickets, pink or otherwise, before exactly ascertaining the privileges which these confer. The buyers may be consoled when they hear that the machinery for printing tickets has broken down, a kind of judgment on the audacious stock of IAPETUS, which, after filling a palace with inventions, cannot even print season tickets.

#### LOCAL TAXATION.

THE subject which occupied the House of Commons during the first night of Committee on the Registration Bill owes none of its interest to novelty. Local taxation has had a very fair share of the time of this Parliament in previous Sessions, but it is always discussed with the same vigour. The result of previous debates has been uniformly the same. The Opposition takes occasion to state the case of the ratepayers, and particularly of the rural ratepayers. It shows convincingly that the present system of levying the rates is confused, unequal, and oppressive. Many independent members support the Opposition. Ministers do not contradict the general statement, but they argue that so big a question must be treated as a whole, and not dealt with in the casual way desired by the supporters of the resolution. Finally the Ministers win or are defeated by a narrow majority—which it is does not in the least matter, because the practical result is identical. The



Opposition cheer with vigour when the result is announced, and that is all. Nothing more comes of it. On Tuesday night the discussion went on the usual lines, and at the end of it the Ministry was left with a majority of two—at which the Opposition cheered; but even if Sir MASSEY LOPES is emboldened by his success to reopen the subject on the Report of the Committee, it is only too likely that the result of the discussion on his resolution will not differ materially from that of previous debates, at least as far as this Parliament is concerned.

Sir MASSEY LOPES's resolution, as far as its wording goes, aimed at something much less than a reform of the whole system of local taxation. All it asked the House to do was to vote that, as Registration is a matter of national interest (Sir MASSEY LOPES said Imperial), the expense of effecting it should be borne by general taxation, and not by the rates. But though the resolution was technically confined to a part of the question, it was eminently calculated to raise the whole. And it did. The speakers went over the field which has been covered so often before, and discussed the incidence and method of levying the rates. Sir MASSEY LOPES and his supporters showed that the rates have risen enormously during the last thirty years, and that the Registration expenses in particular have jumped since 1843 from 20,000*l.* a year to 71,000*l.* a year, and are now likely to exceed 100,000*l.* They commented with vehemence on the alleged inclination of modern Ministries to throw national charges on the rates, and insisted that this was a proper occasion to stop the practice. To prove their contention they were compelled to go into large questions of taxation and political economy, and of course the speakers on the other side were able to approach these matters from the opposite direction, and to show reason for arriving at diametrically contrary results. A plain man comparing the speech of Sir MASSEY LOPES with that of Mr. H. FOWLER may be excused if he doubts whether any discussion on the subject can possibly have any useful result as long as the facts are so little known as they must be if one of these gentlemen is not utterly in the wrong from first to last. The mover of the resolution proved by statistics that the rates weigh very heavily on the owners of real property in the rural districts, and that the new Registration expenses will be a serious addition. Mr. H. FOWLER was in possession of statistics to prove that the increase in the rates has fallen wholly on the towns; and that, thanks to the Government grant of twopence a head, the Registration charges will be rather lightened than increased. Each was eager to prove that he was the friend of the working-man. Sir MASSEY LOPES pointed out that the Government oppressed the poor because, if the working-man chooses to live on prison rations, he need pay no taxes, whereas, unless he lives in a prison, he must needs pay rates, and therefore the proper way to relieve him is to throw all fresh charges on the national revenue. According to Mr. H. FOWLER the true enemy of the working-man is Sir MASSEY LOPES, because if he has his way all the charges taken from the rates and put on taxes must be an additional burden to the poor man who has not self-denial enough to do without tea, coffee, beer, spirits, and tobacco. From the working-man the speakers diverged into the large question of whether rates fall on the owner or occupier of houses. In the midst of all this the resolution before the House was somewhat lost sight of. One thing, however, was clearly proved by the arguments on both sides, and it was that the present system of local taxation is no system at all, and works all the injustice which usually comes of confusion and inequality in the method of levying revenue. The general conviction on this point had its full share of influence in swelling Sir MASSEY LOPES's minority. The Ministry had its usual excuse for doing nothing in the present case, and a particular plea into the bargain. In the first place, it declines to relieve the rates now because at some future day it hopes to take up the whole question. In the second place, it proposes to give a sum to aid the expenses of Registration by way of gift, and is inclined to think itself ungratefully treated. To these excuses it is open to Sir MASSEY LOPES and his supporters to reply that the first has been heard before, and that the second, so far from being an argument in favour of the Ministry, tells directly against them. By offering to share in the expenses of Registration the Government has in fact acknowledged the justice of its opponents' principle, who are therefore justified in pushing their case. Even if Sir MASSEY LOPES has no prospect of securing a reversal of the Government

decision on the Report, he will still be justified in making the attempt, since it is only by continual hammering that the Ministry, or indeed its successor, can be forced to take up a question which should have been dealt with long ago.

#### AN AMERICAN GREEK.

WE had something to say a few weeks ago about the pleasing assurance of the professional gambler in using the public saloons of Anglo-American steamers for the purposes of private and exclusive poker parties. Remarkable confirmation of the complaints made on this score by harassed and unspeculative passengers has been received from an unexpected source, and published in a New York paper. The miscellaneous and complicated nature of modern life is well illustrated by this collateral testimony. "GEORGE T. TRUMAN," we learn from the source already mentioned, "is in Ludlow Street Gaol on an order of arrest granted by Judge LAWRENCE, of the Supreme Court." But let not the hasty reader conclude that GEORGE T. TRUMAN has been imprisoned for playing poker, or even for cheating at that interesting game. On the contrary, GEORGE is detained to prevent him from running away before his wife has got him divorced. To procure Mr. TRUMAN's arrest, Mrs. TRUMAN made an affidavit which an austere critic might consider prolix, in the course of which some "side lights" are thrown upon the great and eternal problem how to live on nothing a year. It seems that Mrs. TRUMAN married Mr. TRUMAN in the belief that he was "possessed of immense wealth," but that a few days after the wedding he told her that he had "only three hundred dollars to his name," and shortly afterwards deserted her "at Denver, Col." We need not pursue the domestic fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. TRUMAN in Colorado and elsewhere, which seem to have been about as miserable as they could be. Mr. TRUMAN, as a husband, like Mr. BAMBRIDGE in *Middlemarch*, may be described as "given to indulgence chiefly in drinking, swearing, and beating his wife." But it is Mr. TRUMAN as a gambler, and not Mr. TRUMAN as a husband, with whom we are concerned. On board the *City of Richmond* Mr. TRUMAN, according to his wife's evidence, had a confederate. On the *City of Berlin* he had two. One of these, whose name is CHADWICK, was known as "CHILDS the Bunco Man." "Their mode of operations was to induce some of the passengers to play cards with them and cheat them out of their money." This is a very simple mode of operations, and is described by Mrs. TRUMAN with admirable perspicuity. Perhaps the Company which owns the *City of Berlin* may feel a languid interest in seeing so plain and ingenious an account of what goes on in their vessels. When these worthy people arrived in "London, England," they played poker every night for some time at Judge BIGLOW's residence on Jermyn Street, opposite the Turkish bath-house. No American story, whether of love, politics, or play, is complete without a Judge, any more than a German romance without a professor, or a French novel without a marquis. This particular Judge is a good Judge, too, for he can give "admittance to all the swell clubs of London," and we gather that his name is quite a household word in London society. Perhaps the best thing the Judge did was to meet TRUMAN "on the street," and "denounce" him.

TRUMAN and some new confederates carried on over here at a fearful rate. "In the evening they would don their evening suits at eleven o'clock and go to a Club," which is named, where they "passed as strangers to each other." It occurred to some one connected with that institution that he would like to examine the cards with which these worthies played, and he found that there were eighty-two in the pack, "which is coming it strong, yet I state but the facts," as truthful JAMES observes. The TRUMANS, to follow Mrs. TRUMAN's narrative, returned to New York in the *City of Rome*, and "there were more or less complaints about gambling in the smoking-rooms." One would like to know who received these complaints, and what, if any, notice was taken of them. We can hardly suppose that the owners of the great Transatlantic Steamship Companies desire their ships to be turned into gambling-hells, and yet it is impossible summarily to reject all the statements to that effect which come from many sources. It is, of course, possible that Mrs. TRUMAN's affidavit may be a tissue of inventions from beginning to end, though it is extremely improbable. But there is plenty of other testimony, even if

hers is not to be relied on. "TRUMAN," says his wife, "had 'confederates in all the clubs in London and Paris among 'the servants, and other employes, and they would tell 'him what cards they would use in the evening, and furnish him with duplicates. With these and his pointed 'lead-markers, and his false inside cuffs, he was enabled 'to cheat.' "And we found on his nails, which were 'taper, what was frequent in tapers—that's wax," to complete the quotation already begun. This professional swindler resorted to the steamers only after having made the gaming-houses of London and Paris too hot to hold him. The remainder of Mrs. TRUMAN's affidavit is somewhat personal. "His expenditures upon himself are lavish," she says of Mr. TRUMAN, coining a new plural. Whatever may be the result of her divorce suit, respectable travellers between London and New York have reason to be grateful to Mrs. TRUMAN.

#### CONSERVATIVE ORGANIZATION.

THERE is no intermission of the work of organizing victory for the Conservative party at the next election. No fewer than three writers have put their hands to it this month in a single number of the *Fortnightly Review*—assuming at least, what we hesitate to affirm with confidence, that such is the purpose of the clumsy and enigmatic satire entitled "Jonah. Ey an English Tory." The object of the two other articles is plain enough, and that by Mr. GEORGE BARTLEY on "Conservative Organization" deserves, of course, and will attract, the most notice. Mr. BARTLEY's thorough familiarity with his subject is undeniable, and the fact that his views thereon are supposed to be at variance with those of some important and highly-placed members of his party only increases their claim to a serious consideration. Nor, in discussing the strictly limited question of party organization, need we greatly concern ourselves with the rather peculiar character of Mr. BARTLEY's Conservatism. We find it somewhat difficult, indeed, to discover exactly what it is that he wishes to conserve, so remarkably liberal is he in his concessions to the party of destruction. The "complete change" which he advocates in the land laws, of which "many," he declares, without specifying any, are impossible of defence; the necessity of "putting the House 'of Lords in order," lest it should "very soon go" or "be 'ruthlessly reformed"; and the opinion that the Throne will depend entirely for its future stability on the personal virtues of its occupant—these are not articles usually comprised, nor, as we think, to be wisely included, in the Conservative creed; but this by the way. We will assume the necessary amount of identity between Mr. BARTLEY's *velle ac nolle* and those of Conservatives in general, and confine ourselves solely to considering his views as to the best mode of propagating and popularizing his and their more or less common principles.

Among these views, however, we must admit that we find nothing amounting to a very definite recommendation. Their value is rather that of excellent generalities than anything else; but we are not disposed to condemn them off-hand on that account. Generalities and even truisms may with advantage and indeed must be insisted on so long as they continue to be neglected in action; and we are not at all disposed to deny that the neglect of the particular truths on which Mr. BARTLEY enlarges is far too common. Undoubtedly it is necessary for the Conservative party, if it is to recover or even to maintain its ground, to get touch of the new electors, and to find its way, if possible, to that capacity in them of "seeing things aright" with which, in however undeveloped a form, they may in the mass be safely credited as a national birthright. And no less undoubtedly this necessity has been far more talked about at present than acted upon. It is beyond question quite capable of proof to "a man with 15s. a week"—were it not, the political game of Conservatism would be up—"that 'under the English Constitution, as compared with any 'known form of republican or other government, his '15s. a week is safest and most likely to increase; that he 'gets most for it; that his children have the best education and chance in life; that, hard as his lot may be, he 'has no hindrance to improve it, but every legal and social 'encouragement to reap the permanent fruit of his own 'industry and labour.' "But, though this is capable of proof, it is altogether a mistake to suppose that anybody can prove it to anybody else, or that it does not need a good

deal of argumentative and hortatory effort to bring home the truth that "a man with 15s. a week" would do better to content himself with the modest, if solid, benefits of the existing political order than to pursue the far more tempting, though visionary, gains which he is told that he can acquire by subversive political change. If the shrewd and cautious instincts of his nationality predispose him to listen to the Conservative, some of the strongest impulses of his human nature incline his ear to the Radical. It is not to be supposed that the impulses can be subdued to the instincts by any "short method" that was ever invented; and the attempt to perform this feat is too often made in rather ridiculous and offensive ways. Mr. BARTLEY complains of the old-fashioned Conservatism as holding too much aloof from the people. There is at least an equal danger of its hurrying in its reaction into the even worse error of condescending too much to the people. The fear of talking over the heads of a popular audience is often absurdly exaggerated. Such stern truths as that human nature is not perfectible, that England is not Utopia, that of all the ills which men endure, it is but a small part that kings or laws can cause or cure—are not truths which can be taught to working-men in words of one syllable. Working-men themselves are fully sensible of the futility of the attempt to do so, and resent the assumption that they are proper subjects for such infantile schooling. To instruct grown men it is necessary to start from some respect, or not, at any rate, from undisguised disrespect, for their intelligence. We quite agree with Mr. BARTLEY that the most fundamental questions must be treated among such hearers as open to discussion. The Radicals, he says, will not "let 'sleeping dogs lie"; and "the sole question now is whether 'they are to be reformed and made to suit the present 'times by a friendly hand or uprooted by a bitter opponent.' "We object to having to choose between a sleeping dog reformed and made to suit the times by a friendly hand and a sleeping dog uprooted by a bitter opponent. But our objection is to Mr. BARTLEY's metaphor alone. On the fact we quite agree with him.

#### THE CANADIAN REVOLT.

THE prolonged halt of General MIDDLETON's force tends to confirm the belief as to the real character of his victory at Fish Creek. This success appeared from the reports to be little better than a drawn battle, and as it has not been followed by an advance, it must be reduced to this unsatisfactory class of successes. Under the circumstances, a defeat would have had terrible consequences; and the Canadians may well be content to have escaped what, considering the inexperience of their troops, was a possible danger. Still, a victory and a complete rout of the enemy which has no perceptible consequences is not a subject for rejoicing; and General MIDDLETON's force has not as yet gained anything from its successes, unless the fact that it has not been attacked itself is to be taken as enough. On the whole, however, this is probably not a very hopeful sign. The inactivity of the rebels may possibly be due to the depressing effect of the losses suffered at Fish Creek; but it is equally likely to be the effect of a settled policy. The half-breeds who follow RIEL have not improbably decided to fight in all cases on the defensive, and to try to weary out the forces of the Government by occupying good posts, from which they can only be driven with difficulty and with severe loss to the attacking force. It is military policy which is sure to end in defeat when tried against a vigorous enemy who can dispose of a sufficient force; but the Canadian Government can as yet only move small corps. Nearly its whole organized army is in the field already. The rebels doubtless rely on the sympathy of the French population, which did so much to hamper the Red River expedition, and may calculate on wearing out the Government. For that purpose a series of indecisive fights such as that at Fish Creek will be almost as effectual as a victory. Colonel OTTER's attack on the Indians at Battleford has some features in common with General MIDDLETON's engagement. He is said to have won a complete victory; but it does not appear that he rescued the prisoners in the Indian camp, and he returned to his own immediately. Here, also, a pause may follow the action, and the enemy will have time to rally. If these are victories, they are victories of an exceedingly inconclusive kind.



Difficulty of transport has no doubt much to do with the slow nature of the advance of the Government columns. A letter of the *Times* Correspondent at Fort Qu'Appelle shows that, even on the march to this post, the base of the operations and a station on the Pacific line, much difficulty was found in bringing the troops on. As a matter of course, the difficulty is enormously increased when the line has to be left behind. The rough character of the road does not account for everything, however. The *Times* Correspondent's letter shows that General MIDDLETON can dispose of troops who, whatever else they may want, are not deficient in spirit or physical strength. Troops which can march all night over snow four feet deep, with frequent halts to drag cannon out of ruts, and can then, after an hour's rest, take the road again, and arrive at their destination without losing by men falling out, are plainly not to be stopped by any ordinary difficulties of country. Veteran soldiers could not have done better. Colonel OTTER's command must be of even tougher quality, if the report of its performances is to be trusted. An officer could scarcely wish for better fortune than to command men who can march seventy miles and fight a smart skirmish with success in thirty hours. The distance marched in the time was so considerable that some allowance may be made for exaggeration, and enough will still remain to make a very creditable feat. The Canadian commanders are manifestly not stopped because their men cannot advance. The explanation of their delay must be sought elsewhere, and it is to be found in the fact that they have only very small forces to dispose of, and that no reinforcements are at hand. There is at least nothing to show as yet that General MIDDLETON or Colonel OTTER are wanting in energy themselves. They must in common fairness be credited with acting on proper motives, and if they appear to delay, it is doubtless because they know that they are not in a position to pay dearly for victory. The Canadian Government can rely on the loyalty of the population of English or Scotch descent, and will unquestionably be able to find whatever force is needed to crush the rebellion in time; but it has not got an army at its disposal at present. The increasing gravity of the situation will make it necessary to organize a force immediately. RIEL is far from being crushed, and more battles of Fish Creek will need to be fought before the half-breeds are reduced to order. All former experience goes to show that they will be aided by the French population and the Roman Catholic clergy, tacitly if not openly. Meanwhile it is only too probable that the rebellion will be complicated by the grievous disaster of an Indian war. The chief POUNDMAKER, who was defeated by Colonel OTTER, can hardly have any intelligible motive for hostility, except the general dislike of the red to the white race, and other Indians may be presumed to be likely to act from the same motives. This result of many well-meant attempts to save the Red men is the most melancholy part of the present disturbance. Now that it is on them, the Canadians will do well to remember how it was brought about. They have a rebellion on their hands now, because they played fast and loose with a former one, and if they wish to avoid a recurrence of these dangers, they must not repeat their folly. The friends of the Red men themselves must see that the best chance for the remnants of the old races lies in the application of a policy vigorous enough to suppress this rebellion, and keep peace for the future.

#### THE CANONIZATION OF COLERIDGE.

OF a ceremony on the whole so becomingly performed as was that over which Mr. LOWELL presided last Thursday in the Jerusalem Chamber it would perhaps be ungracious to suggest that it might have been made a more unqualified success. Otherwise we should have been disposed to remark that the proceedings would have gained in impressiveness by being reduced in length. There were, if we may run the risk of being considered captious for saying so, too many speakers, and—what does not always follow—there was a too great flow of speech. It was most of it good of its kind, no doubt; but quality has to be very high indeed to contend successfully against excess of quantity in this matter. How the principal speaker acquitted himself of his task goes almost without saying. Mr. LOWELL's speech preliminary to his unveiling the bust of COLERIDGE, which his countryman has presented, was read instead

of being delivered. This may perhaps have been a disappointment to those present who had any previous opportunity of listening to one of the happiest of impromptu orators; but the educated public are certainly the gainers by those honourable scruples of literary conscience which induced him in this instance to give his thoughts that greater finish of form which they could only obtain from the pen, and which he rightly held the occasion to require. Thus perfected, his address, which in any case no doubt would have been equally full of acute and sympathetic criticism, sparkled also with felicities of diction, and abounded with that quiet humour which is hardly more constant or captivating even in Mr. LOWELL's verse than in his prose. But there appears to us, with submission, to have been no reason for any other addition to his address than the few graceful words in which Lord COLERIDGE expressed on behalf of the family their acknowledgment of the honour paid to the poet's memory. Even the speech of Lord HOUGHTON, who is always worth listening to, might on this occasion have been forborne, and there was certainly no need for Canon FARRAR to give the measure of his critical capacity by attempting to reverse Mr. LOWELL's eminently just comparative estimate of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner," and by classing the "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni"—a mere adaptation, not to call it a plagiarism, from a second-rate German poetess—among the masterpieces of its author.

Of COLERIDGE's claim to the very belated honour which has now been tendered to him there is no necessity to say much. Whether it was Queen EMMA or the Emperor of BRAZIL who inquired, as Lord COLERIDGE informs us, for the memorial of the poet-philosopher in Westminster Abbey, the question does credit to the literary intelligence of the querist, while arguing a very imperfect acquaintance on his or her part with *cosas d'Inglaterra*. The fact that COLERIDGE, besides being distinctly in the first rank of poets, was, from the "all round" point of view, undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men to whom England ever gave birth, was no reason whatever, her or his Majesty might have been informed, for assuming that a visitor would find either his tomb or his effigy in Westminster Abbey. Those are there who are there; and that is about all that can be said. Complete nonentities have, it is fair to admit, been in later times kept out; but the admission of entities has never at any time been regulated in conformity to their claims. The Abbey has always been a sort of posthumous Academy, into which some candidates succeed in penetrating much sooner than others who should have had precedence over them. However, we are not about to raise any complaint on that score. On the contrary, we are rather disposed to regard undue delay in the recognition of any famous writer's claim to be admitted into the Abbey as, on the whole, a fault on the right side. Indeed, as the available space on the walls of Poet's Corner becomes smaller and smaller, it appears to us that a more carefully considered employment of our "power to add to the number" of its inmates will become almost a necessity. There is, it is true, no considerable number of prospective Immortals "around" just at present; but this is a go-ahead age, and we may be surprised by a sudden burst of them before we know where we are. It would be a truly lamentable mistake to allot a portion of that increasingly precious space to a singer—and his airs—for ever, and then, after a decade or two, to wish we had not. On the other hand, by waiting not perhaps fifty years, as in COLERIDGE's case, but say half that time, we should be able effectually to discriminate between genuine immortality and its counterfeit. There is something very satisfactory to the admirers of COLERIDGE in noting the unanimous assent which, half a century after his death, is being accorded to his canonization.

#### ON THEIR KNEES.

THE value of thoroughness in wrongdoing has never perhaps been more impressively illustrated than during the history of the last fortnight. We have to include the week ending last Saturday within the period, because Mr. GLADSTONE's performance of Monday, May 4, could not possibly be appreciated without reference to what took place in the House of Commons on Monday, April 27. The two

speeches of these two nights must be "read together," like two of those Acts of Parliament which, studied on that principle, reduce the student to despair. Mr. GLADSTONE has made many a surrender before this; he is, indeed, quite an old hand at the business. He has also in the course of his life made two or three—not more—no-surrender speeches. But to have executed a surrender, and such a surrender, exactly a week after making a no-surrender speech, and such a no-surrender speech—nay, to have made that speech while actually contemplating, or rather after having virtually consummated, that surrender—this is, indeed, an achievement which our wonderful PRIME MINISTER has never before approached. Its effect upon all who have witnessed it is most striking. They have been stunned by it without distinction of party. Even the bitterest opponent of Mr. GLADSTONE has been unable to do justice to it at present. He has hardly recovered breath enough to gasp "I told you so." As for the supporters of the Government—we mean its deceived supporters—they are wandering about in "worlds not realized," writing and talking apparently in a semi-comatose condition, and with no more signs of political consciousness than are represented by kicks and struggles when they hear the voice of Lord SALISBURY or Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and occasional mechanical murmurs of "Give him the eleven millions 'all the same.'" The only contented observers of the situation are those supporters of the real policy of the Government, who knew from the first that the sword was lath, and never wanted it to be anything else. These are happy; but then their happiness in any state of Anglo-Russian relations implies, as we know, that the bitterest chagrin and the most profound anxiety possess—or must soon possess—the minds of the great majority of their countrymen.

In that last qualification, however, lies the whole art of Mr. GLADSTONE'S performance. He has contrived to break the news of their humiliation to his countrymen, and thereby to break the force of their revolt against it, in the simplest and most effective manner possible—namely, by making that humiliation at once so sudden and so complete, and by contrasting it so cynically with such recent professions, that the public cannot for the moment measure its extent or even quite believe in its existence; and that by the time it has fully dawned upon them, their minds, as its distinguished author calculates, may be sufficiently familiarized with the thought of it to accept it passively. Whether this will be the ultimate result of the preparatory process or not, we are unable to say; but that public opinion is still in the intermediate stage of blank mystification, will be made quite clear to any one who will take the trouble to ascertain the fact. People look first at the terms of the reference to arbitration, and then to those of the sacred covenant; they read Mr. GLADSTONE'S language forwards, backwards, and—an expedient which has been known to succeed admirably—upside down; they stare at the "book" which was not to be closed until the guilty sacred covenant-breakers had been exposed and punished, and ask themselves again and again whether it is really at the covers—the calf-skin covers—of the volume that they are looking, and not still at the opened leaves. We should be as much rejoiced as anybody if we could furnish these worthy people with any good grounds for their reluctance to believe in the surrender; we have with purely selfish motives sought those grounds most diligently with entire ill success. The terms of the reference to arbitration are, it is true, as vague and indefinite as language can make them; but we can find no possible interpretation of them which does not imply the emphatic abandonment by the PRIME MINISTER of the attitude which he took up with so much parade of manly determination on April 27. He may have gone down on one knee or on the other—the ambiguity of the new agreement may amount to as much as that; but that he *has* gone down from the attitude of resistance to that of submission appears to us quite unmistakable. It is not necessary to construe the preamble of the capitulation as possessing any wider scope than the "enacting" part. An agreement between the two Governments "to provide means for any settlement which may be needful" of differences between them arising out of the engagement at Penjdeh would, if literally interpreted, cover a reference of every point in dispute, even those which it would be not only disgraceful, but ridiculous, to refer to the decision of a third party. But we may take it as limited by the words that follow:—"For this purpose they are ready to refer to the judgment of the Sovereign of a friendly State any difference which may be found to exist in

"regard to the interpretation of the agreement between the two Cabinets of the 16th of March"—and as yet further limited by the proviso that "gallant officers on either side" are not to be "put on their trial." The pathetic efforts of the *Times* to reconcile this last proviso with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S representation that there would be a genuine inquiry into the Penjdeh incident deserve sympathy, but not consideration. In the first place, there is not the slightest reason to believe that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT knows any better than "the man in the street" what the scope of the reference is; and, in the second place, there is the best possible reason to believe that, if the proviso with respect to the gallant officers does not, in fact, stand in the way of a full inquiry, the Russian Government will take very good care that the inquiry, whether full or not in its character, shall be wholly abortive in results. The hypothesis of the *Times*, based upon the slender foundation of the HOME SECRETARY'S speech, that if the award condemned General KOMAROFF'S conduct the Russian Government will—not, indeed, court-martial General KOMAROFF, but—"be bound to make an *amende*," may be at once dismissed. What the Russian Government would undoubtedly do in that case would be to accept entire responsibility for General KOMAROFF'S action, and to declare that he was simply carrying out their interpretation of the agreement of March 17. If the "Sovereign of the friendly State" then declared that this interpretation was a wrong one, we should get such "amende" as consists in a shrug of the shoulders, and an observation on the inconvenience of concluding military conventions by telegraph. If anybody supposes that more will be got out of the arbitration than this, we can only congratulate him on one of those dispositions which, however dangerous in matters of business, perhaps add more to the sum of private happiness than any other form of human temperament.

In Russia, at any rate, they give no countenance to these illusions. The Russian newspapers are brutally candid on the subject. They say that "it is not an arbitration in the proper sense of the word which would be accompanied by some practical result. It is simply a respectable means" (but that is the Russian view of it) "of closing the incident." And that is what all the chatter has been about in the "British Parliament." No Englishman can charge the authors of these remarks with insincere complaisance. "This is no flattery, these are councillors That feelingly 'persuade us what we are.'" And, if we want further persuasion, we had perhaps better drop the regrettable incident altogether, and go back to the root of the matter, the frontier question. There, we should imagine, it is impossible even for the dullest observer not to see, or for the most prejudiced to deny, that everything has gone by the board. The frontier which was to be delimited—as a matter of essential importance—on the spot, is to be delimited, which of course means that it has been delimited, in London. Sir PETER LUMSDEN has been not "recalled," by no means, but only told that his presence is required at home under certain circumstances. The Government are not going to wait for Mr. CONDIE STEPHEN, or Mr. CONDIE STEPHEN'S map; nor do they think it necessary to delay negotiating till their Commissioner arrives; nor will they say what is to be done with his military escort, or how long it is to remain on the frontier. Here, again, if anybody can find in all this signs of anything else than of complete and ignominious surrender, along the whole line, bag and baggage, horse, foot, and artillery, stock, lock, and barrel, or any other metaphor which may more forcibly convey the absolute and unconditioned in capitulations—him we again congratulate. Our own very reluctant but quite unhesitating conviction is, that Mr. GLADSTONE, having shut up the book which he swore he would keep open, having executed a release of the sacred covenant which he vowed he would maintain, is now about to cede under military menace some hundreds of miles of territory and some half-dozen more or less important strategic positions, of which he insisted that the proprietorship should be determined by fair and competent inquiry. The only point on which we still remain in doubt is whether, in consideration of these concessions, Russia will give a promise to respect Herat and break it, or will decline to give any such promise at all.



## SWING-SKITTLES.

THE good old English game of skittles, perhaps from its being constantly associated with the idea of beer, ranks somewhat low among popular amusements; its chief votaries will be found among the frequenters of suburban tea-gardens or of roadside public-houses. It is useful in its way as providing opportunities for the display of a certain amount of address, combined with more or less physical exercise, according to the energy of the players; but there is a general roughness and want of nicety about the game which will account for its not having made its way into favour as an adjunct to our country-house gardens, especially as these defects render it ill adapted for the gentler sex. The American form of the game, the bowling or ten-pin alley, is a very great improvement. The necessity for physical strength is reduced, while that for skill is increased, thereby making it better adapted for both sexes; but it must be played indoors, or at all events in a covered alley, in order to prevent the "table" from being damaged by exposure to the weather; and, moreover, the weight of the balls and the length of the ground render the construction of this "table" somewhat costly. Further, it is almost impossible to play for any length of time without having a boy constantly at the end of the alley to pick up the pins and send back the balls to the players. In Southern Germany a different form of the game is very much in vogue; the ball, instead of being bowled, is swung by a rope suspended from a sort of gallows, and thus returns by its own momentum to the player's hand after every stroke. Nothing in the way of a "table" is required beyond a small square frame on which the pins stand, and this may be made of stone, or of wood sufficiently strong to defy the weather. The pins and all the adjuncts of the game can be made by any ordinary village carpenter, and may be left out of doors during the whole summer without taking any damage. A very small space is required, a plot of ground 24 ft. long with a breadth of 16 ft. being amply sufficient; thus there is scarcely any garden in which a corner might not be found with room enough. This game is to be seen in the gardens of almost every "Wirthschaft" in the Black Forest—gardens that differ very much from those of our public-houses in that they are frequented and civilized by the presence of the wives and daughters of the men of the lower and middle classes, who after working hours spend the long summer evenings in these resorts. Many of the hotels have one of these skittle-grounds attached to them in some shady nook, adding much to the attractions of the lazy life of an enforced sojourn at a German Bad; and they are frequently also to be seen in the gardens of private residences, showing that the game is by no means practised only by the lower classes. It has been long known in England on the toy and miniature scale, and has even in its fulness been sometimes imported here by some of those who have found it an agreeable pastime in Germany; and wherever it has been introduced it has met with favour in the neighbourhood. In the belief that to many who are unacquainted therewith it will prove acceptable, a detailed description of the requirements for playing swing-skittles is given below, as well as a sketch of the rules and some hints for playing the game.

The gallows must be erected on the left-hand side of a piece of level ground, and must be strong and firmly fixed so as not to oscillate when considerable impetus is given to the ball, for any vibratory motion in the point from which the ball swings would render many of the nicer strokes difficult of accomplishment. A post 8 in. square, and projecting 12 ft. from the surface, must be let into the ground some 3 ft., and steadied by cross-pieces underground. From the top of this post an arm 7 ft. long projects to the right, and is supported by a brace, thus giving the gallows-like form. In order to give additional stability, it is as well to fix to the extremity of the arm two strong iron wires, extending sideways and backwards like guy-ropes; these may be fastened to a neighbouring tree or rock or pegged down into the ground. The "table" consists of a stone or of a strong oak frame 3 ft. 1 in. square; it must be firmly bedded, and stand an inch or so above the level of the ground so as to keep off dirt or gravel. It is placed diagonal-wise 2 ft. to the right of the gallows. On its surface are marked nine small circles on which the pins stand, one at each corner, four others equidistant between them, and one in the centre. The ball, which is made of beech or other hard wood, 9 in. in diameter, is suspended by a rope from a hook on the under side of the extremity of the arm of the gallows, and should hang in such a manner that when at rest it is just clear of the outside pin. The rope passes through a hole bored through the centre of the ball, and is knotted beneath, leaving a small tail or tag hanging, which the player grasps in making a stroke. The ball must hang so that the knot beneath it is just clear of the nearest angle of the table, and, if correctly hung, it will be found that it is just long enough to reach the head of the pin nearest to the gallows. It will be found in practice that the length of the rope varies with the humidity of the atmosphere, and after rain will contract so much as to render it too short to touch this outside pin. It will therefore be advisable to have five or six iron links at the top of the rope by which to hang from the hook, so that by the help of a long stick with a nail at the top the length of the rope may be readily altered. The pins are also turned out of beechwood, 4½ in. in diameter at the bottom, and 1 ft. 3½ in. high, with the exception of the central one, which is called the king, and has a head 3 in. higher than the rest. A small stone, 18 in. by 9, is let into the ground lengthwise at a distance of 5 ft. 2 in. from the nearest angle of the table, and the player must have

one foot on this stone when delivering his stroke. On the far side of the table, but somewhat to the right—namely, 2 ft. 9 in. at right angles to an imaginary line produced through the centre of the table, and 2 ft. 3 in. from the centre of the ball when at rest—stands a short round post, 4½ in. in diameter and 3 ft. 8 in. high. Round this post the ball must be swung without touching it to knock down the pins; if the ball or any part of the rope touches the post, it is reckoned a foul stroke, and any pins knocked down thereby have to be replaced. As in the course of play this post receives a good deal of battering from the ball, it will soon get out of the perpendicular, and therefore interfere with the nicety of the play, unless it be strengthened by underground braces or cross-pieces. The above constitutes all the apparatus required for the game; it now remains only to describe the method of play.

Any number, from two to six, can join in the game; with more than that waiting for your turn becomes tedious. If more than two play, they should divide into sides, partners following one another without putting up the pins knocked down by the previous player. Each person has three strokes if the sides are equal; if an uneven number play, they may agree that the weaker side shall have one or more strokes extra so as to equalize them. The game is a hundred, and may be conveniently scored on a slate, screwed on to the front of the gallows, with a slate pencil attached by a string. The best stroke in the game is to knock down the king alone, leaving all the other pins standing; this counts 48, and can only be done by making the ball pass between the farthest off pin and the one next to it without touching either, and then carrying the king with it through the diagonal interval on the near side of the table. It is excessively difficult of accomplishment; and, inasmuch as in case of knocking down any other besides the king—which generally happens—it spoils the game for the next best score, it should seldom be attempted, except on the off chance of winning a losing game. If all the outside pins are knocked down, leaving the king standing alone in the centre, 24 are scored; the pins are replaced if the player, or his partner, has not had his full complement of strokes—e.g. in playing single-handed, if you succeed in knocking down all but the king in two strokes, and then, on the pins being replaced, knock down five more at the third stroke, you would score 29. If the king with the pin in front of it and that behind it are knocked down at one stroke it counts 6, in addition to whatever may be got at subsequent strokes. The king, if he falls with others, counts only 1, like any other pin. The best number to play is perhaps four, two on each side. Partners should play first alternately, and, as a rule, it will be found best for them to try for the 24 score; the first player, for example, will in his three strokes knock down as many as he can except the king, leaving perhaps one or two to be got by his partner who follows him. The most dangerous one of course is the furthest pin, as this one so often takes the king with him. The proper play is to hit this pin exactly what would be called at billiards a half-ball on the left side; the ball then glances off and takes some of the pins near the gallows, while the far pin falls clear of the king and probably knocks down one or more of those on the right-hand. This is certainly the most useful stroke in the game, and is worth practising by itself, so as to ensure being able to do it pretty often. By way of practice it will be found very useful to set up the king and the pin behind it alone, and then to see how often you can take this pin without the king. The next most difficult pin to get without the king is the nearest one to the player, but it is not so hard as it looks; a gentle swing, bringing the ball well to the left of the centre, will accomplish it. A very pretty stroke sometimes will gain 24 when the king and the farthest and nearest pins alone are left standing and the player has but one stroke left; it looks hopeless; but a gentle circular swing, so that the rope only just goes far enough round the post to return without touching it, will hit the far pin on its left side and cannon off so as not to touch the king and yet take the near pin. As a rule, more good is done by gentle strokes than by a violent style of play. There are two distinct methods of delivering the ball, each of which must be mastered in order to take certain pins. In one the player must stand as far back as he can, with his left foot on the stone and the other one straddled some way to the right; then, with the rope stretched tight, he must raise the ball to his right shoulder and deliver it smartly straight downwards. This, which may be called the cutting stroke, is chiefly useful for taking the pins to the right of the king. For the other method, which may be called the circular stroke, the player steps forward with his right foot, and, holding the rope somewhat slack, gives it a gentle swing to his right, causing the ball to travel in a circular direction; he will, by stepping more or less forwards, increase or diminish the size of the circle according to what he wishes to do. A useful stroke, made by standing well back, and giving the ball a sharp twist backwards to the right ear, will take the three pins on the left face of the table. It will be seen that there is considerable scope for the display of science in this game, and that its niceties are not to be acquired without a good deal of patient practice. It will be welcomed as an adjunct to the garden by many who, in hot summer days, do not wish to partake of so violent an exercise as lawn-tennis; and it shares with that game the advantage that players of both sexes can amuse themselves at it without necessarily having acquired a high degree of skill in its practice.

## PLACETNE VOBIS, UNDERGRUATI!

THE British undergraduate has hitherto taken his exclusion from that franchise the exercise of which is the noblest right of man rather calmly. To begin with, general elections have a mysterious habit of happening in the Vacation, and, in the second place, the majority of undergraduates are considerably under twenty-one, at least during the early and happy time when the schools are distant and when June brings nothing with it but cricket-matches, fritillaries, and the boats. If our memory serves us, some earnest souls at Oxford tried to get registered on the strength of their lodgings so as to vote in 1868, but the revising barrister would not have it. It was then, as far as we remember, unknown that the graduates and undergraduates of the "silent sister" had the privilege of voting. But on Wednesday the final enfranchisement of undergraduate man came about in rather an odd and a distinctly Hibernian wise. Some Irish members tried to get the students of T. C. D. (good men and true who love not the Party of Assassination) disfranchised, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who either is not a University man or who has forgotten the conditions of English University life, made a rather silly blunder in opposing their wishes. Accordingly, with a humour savouring of the older and better days of Ireland, the Irish members determined that, since they could not take the votes away from them bitter Orangemen in Dublin bedad! they'd give votes to the Oxford and Cambridge boys. They said it was logical, which in the Irish sense no doubt it was. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the House, having discovered that Mr. Thorold Rogers disapproved of the new clause, became instantly convinced that there must be a great deal to be said for it. At any rate, it was blessed by authorities so little wont to be in harmony as Mr. Raikes and Professor Stuart, Sir Richard Cross and Mr. Healy. The Attorney-General, after, in the true spirit of his Government, protesting that he would ne'er consent, consented; and graduates and undergraduates, classed overnight with peers, women, and criminals, woke up next morning to find themselves free and independent electors, or at least on the way to be so. By the way, the late Home Secretary, who ought to know, said that graduates and undergraduates at present residing in lodgings had the vote. The decision of 1868, to which, on the strength of memory only, we have referred to above, ruled that, as University lodgings are held for a part of the year only, and that not a continuous part, they do not qualify. But Sir Richard is doubtless right.

The facts, however, historically regarded, are not of much importance. It seems to be hoped or feared that the addition to the voters, whatever it may be, will not be a Radical addition, and if so, so much the better. But the idle mind expatiating on the lighter side of politics rather pleases itself with meditation on what will be the result of this curious revolution. For a revolution in a mild way and on no great scale it is. When the political *placet*? is at last put, not in joke, but in seriousness, to the *undergraduates*, what will he say? A fanciful student of politics might think that the House is bent upon adding one more perhapsness to the *grand peut-être* of coming elections and Parliaments. For the undergraduate of Oxford and Cambridge is a thing most various and mutable. It is true that he is generally a Tory, holding not so much Major Pendennis's rather arbitrary and slightly undignified view, that "nothing is so loathsome in persons of our rank" as Radicalism, as the broader and nobler notion (justified, no doubt, but partially by facts) that "all Radicals are cads." Of course there are exceptions. A recent French writer has discovered and depicted a species or sub-species of Oxford undergraduate who is "*Nihiliste, athée et vierge*"—qualities of the first two of which he is quite tolerant, though he shakes his head over the third. Will these Nihilist Atheists of immaculate morals be largely represented in the new constituency? Unless they are very largely represented, and unless they are of a physical stuff rather different from that which the description suggests, we fear they will not have an altogether happy life. Even as it is, when politics are limited to the shadowy battles of the Union, the University Radical in his earlier years sometimes has his troubles. We once knew one through whose windows almost the entire remains of a copious supper, with plates and dishes as well, found their way at an early hour of the morning, as an expression of the regret and disapprobation felt by his college at his political views. It is interesting to add that this Radical, whether owing to this early and judicious treatment or not, has become one of the soundest of constitutionalists, and is a pillar of his Queen and country. But the idea of the interior of a lively college the night after the declaration of the poll, whereat Jones and Brown are suspected of having voted for the wrong candidate, is an idea not exactly characterized by terms expressive of peace and quiet. The undergraduate is like the Iliad which he reads or ought to read; he is ἀπλοῦς καὶ παθητικός, straightforward, and much given to the expression of passion. We think that he would go for Jones and Brown; we do indeed.

The natural apprehension entertained by Mr. Bryce and Mr. Thorold Rogers (both of whom know at least Oxford pretty well) of some such result may have contributed to their opposition to the measure. Some less practically experienced Radicals no doubt hope that progress will do away with such things as rows in college altogether. Perhaps; and it may be granted that the species *Nihiliste-athée-vierge* is not given to rows. But this species is never likely to reign alone at Oxford or Cambridge, and the

other species, on the other hand, is fatally likely to regard the Nihilist Atheist, despite his saving epithet, with peculiar and increasing aversion. "I like to draw a Nihilist Atheist etcetera," we can imagine some ruffian of orthodox and constitutional principles who is just out of training remarking to a congregation of his brutal fellows after the N.-A.-V. has been suspected of voting for Professor Stuart or somebody like him. And then they would but too probably go and do it, and great would be the woes of the N.-A.-V. It seems to be a little dangerous to introduce politics in their most exciting form at a time when politics are likely to be more exciting than they have been for half a century into such very inflammable places as colleges. It will be said, of course, that disturbances of the kind hinted at are neither universal nor exactly common. They are, we believe, much less common at Cambridge than at Oxford, and they are perhaps less common at Oxford than they once were, though certain rumours make this last point doubtful. But nothing could be better calculated to revive them where they have died out or introduce them where they have not lived than this little clause of Mr. Marum's. Already we have heard of a fiend who has sketched out rapidly, and intends to compose and issue at leisure, an "Election Manual for Undergraduates." It will detail the best and most effective methods of screwing up (very valuable when the victim has omitted to vote early, and there is no time to get the screws extracted before the poll closes), the various forms of drawing to be observed towards the enemy, with the object of discouragement and retribution, and so forth. It will be a most disgraceful book, and it is very much to be hoped that no undergraduate will put its precepts into practice. By the way, how does it happen that the franchise privilege of Old Trinity comes not to be mentioned in the Book of the Chronicles of the prophet Lever? It is difficult to imagine a better practitioner of the arts just (with blushes) hinted at than Mr. Francis Webber, yet his talents in that way seem to have been indulged without any reference to his own and his fellows' possession of the franchise.

To speak more seriously, is not this latest freak of a singularly freakish House of Commons rather a mischievous one? Undergraduates, whether under or over twenty-one, are only colourably independent householders; they are only resident for less than half the year; and during that residence they have, if they choose to do it, quite enough to do. It is needless to say to any one who knows human nature that the time spent in caucusing and being caucused (in the wide sense which those terms are likely to bear in the future) will not be taken from the boats or the cricket-ground. It will be taken from the time which ought to be given to work. And there will be the additional mischief that the vote will come just at the time when the undergraduate ought to be working hardest—that is to say, in his last year or two. This mischief is not small, though it is perhaps less than the discord of every kind likely to be introduced by the change. No doubt many Dons have been ardent politicians heretofore. If they have been Tories, they have of course been "arch jobbers"—to use the late Mr. Pattison's elegant phrase; if they have been Liberals, they have equally of course been "careful not to let merely academic concerns obscure their consciousness of their rights and duties as men and citizens." That, we think, is the proper phrase, or something like it. But there has always been the sense that, as members of colleges and Universities, they were, putting the decorous contests for the University seats out of question, not concerned in local politics. Now this will cease. The severe logic of Mr. Healy and Mr. Marum will be satisfied, which is no doubt an excellent thing. A sense of injustice, under which, it seems, Professor Stuart, like the witnesses of the virtues of Rev. lenda Arabica, and suchlike things, has been suffering indescribable agonies "for twenty years," will be removed, and this, let us hope, is excellent too. It may be more difficult for Radicals to carry Oxford and Cambridge town seats, which is an excellent thing without doubt or sarcasm, if it be so, though perhaps it may not be so certain. But it seems to us extremely likely that the alteration will be injurious to study, and still more likely that it will be injurious to discipline, if it really becomes applicable to undergraduates resident in college. It is odd to find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Thorold Rogers; less odd to find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Bryce. But a thing is not necessarily good because even Mr. Thorold Rogers does not like it. It ought to be remembered, too, that this enfranchisement is being given in an extremely irregular way and for an altogether ludicrous cause—the cause being neither more nor less than the desire of the Irish members to have it out in some cryptic fashion with Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and the Government of which Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was a member. This is surely too much a case of Tenterden Steeple.

## SUSPECTED LUNATICS.

THE Lunatic Question, to adapt a stock phrase from the political vocabulary, has broken out badly at a point at which it was hoped that a satisfactory arrangement had been concluded. The question is now more or less acute in fourfold ramification. First, there is the notorious branch associated with the names of Charles Reade and Mrs. Weldon, which deals with the subject of how one may be locked up as a madman by an acquaintance (or indeed by a stranger) on private grounds. Then there is the branch concerning how one may be made a lunatic by magistrates,



presumably in the interests of the public. Then come the mad paupers, and the conflict of authority between police magistrates on the one hand, and masters of workhouses and Secretaries of State on the other; and finally the person accused or convicted of crime, alleged, in his own interests or otherwise, to be insane, and consigned to a comfortable but prolonged residence at Broadmoor on the strength of a secret inquiry by the Home Secretary and his medical advisers. It is difficult to say under which of the four heads the law appears to be most of a "hass." It is the second which has, during the past week, engaged the attention of the Court of Appeal.

The law, the application of which to the case of Mr. Hillman, of Lewes, we will presently describe, is contained in the 68th section of the Lunatic Asylums Act, 1853, a section which was asserted by Lord Coleridge, with all the dignified reserve proper in one who is both a judge and a member of Parliament, to be "not happily framed," and may fairly be called by persons in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility involved and clumsy to a degree uncommon even in statutes passed thirty years ago. If set out in full it would occupy about two columns of this journal; but its effect, leaving out the parts not to the present purpose, may be stated as follows:—If an information is sworn before a justice that a person not a pauper is believed to be mad and not under proper care or control, the justice may "visit and examine" the supposed lunatic himself, or alternatively he may make an order under his hand directing a medical man to do so. If the result of this examination, whether by the justice or by the medical man, is to convince the justice that the supposed lunatic is really mad, he may make another order to have him brought before two justices. The two justices must then "call to their assistance" a medical man, and must "examine such person and make such inquiry relative to such person as they shall deem necessary," whereupon, if they "be satisfied that such person so brought before them is a lunatic and is not under proper care and control . . . and that he is a proper person to be taken charge of and detained under care and treatment, and if such" medical man "sign a certificate" in statutory form, the justices may make an order directing the supposed lunatic to be received into the county asylum. So far, when the matter is disentangled as above from the slightly different provisions with regard to lunatics "wandering at large" with which the draftsman carefully intermixed it, sentence by sentence, the procedure, though elaborate, is reasonably clear, but then comes a proviso. "Provided always that it shall be lawful for any justice, upon such information upon oath as aforesaid, or upon his own knowledge . . . with some other justice, to examine the person deemed to be a lunatic . . . and to proceed in all respects as if such person were brought before . . . them as hereinbefore mentioned." It is this proviso which caused the trouble in Mr. Hillman's case, and upon the meaning of which there is a serious difference of judicial opinion. It will be observed that the effect of it is that first the Legislature provides a series of most precise and carefully-devised regulations for the conduct of a proceeding of much delicacy and importance, and then throws in a proviso relaxing them to a great but indefinite extent.

Such being the law, we come to the pathetic tale of its administration to Mr. Hillman. The main facts are within the recollection of most people, but they are entertaining enough (to the not unduly tender-hearted) to bear recapitulation. In November of last year Mr. Hillman was a respectable citizen of Lewes, sixty-seven years old, and, for anything that was known to the contrary, as sane as any man in Sussex. But as the month drew to its close he managed to incur the suspicion of having "conducted himself in a strange and eccentric manner in the streets and at his own lodgings." Consequently the relieving officer of Lewes, with the assistance of a policeman, formed "an opinion that he was insane, and ought to be sent to an asylum." Then a doctor, by whose instruction is not known, "had a conversation with Mr. Hillman in a public library," which enabled him to sign a certificate of his insanity. The relieving officer then gaily swore an information to the same effect, which, together with the certificate, was handed to Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Horne, two justices of the county, and the defendants in the recent litigation. The parties then separated, the justices remaining at the public library, where it is understood that they had contrived to secure a view, through a glass door, of Mr. Hillman's back, in case anything by way of preliminary interview should turn out to have been desirable, and the relieving officer and policeman pursuing Mr. Hillman to his house, where he had gone with the laudable intention of having dinner. Arrived there, they broke open the door and informed Mr. Hillman that he was to be taken to the asylum, and if he refused to go, would be dragged there by force. Sane gentlemen of sixty-seven do not generally hanker after struggles with policemen, however lawless the intrusion of the latter may be, and Mr. Hillman obeyed, and was instantly hurried into a carriage which the ministers of the law had waiting for him at his door. When the neighbourhood of the library was reached the magistrates approached the door of the carriage in which Mr. Hillman and his captors were seated, and for a time, which they describe as three or four minutes, held a conversation with him through the window, in which his observations were so much like those of a sane man that Mr. Whitfield, when swearing an affidavit in his own defence, could find nothing worse to say than that "he kept on talking of matters of which I had no cognizance." We should be the last to underrate the immense and efficient

services rendered to the country by the justices of the peace, but if the sanity of all conversation is to be bounded by the "cognizance" of any magistrate who happens to be handy, it is to be feared that a good deal of conversation now carelessly indulged in will have to be considered a token of lunacy. The result of the conversation was that the carriage drove on to the asylum, while the magistrates went back to the library, had some more talk with the doctor, and signed the order for Mr. Hillman's detention. The asylum authorities kept him a week, and then, finding he had nothing the matter with him, let him go.

Mr. Hillman applied to the Divisional Court for a writ of *certiorari* to bring up and quash the justices' order, in order that he might bring an action against them for false imprisonment. Mr. Justice Grove and Baron Huddleston held that under the circumstances the magistrates had no jurisdiction to make the order, and they granted the writ. The justices appealed to the Court of Appeal. Lord Coleridge agreed with the Queen's Bench Division, but he and it were overruled by Sir James Hannen and Lord Justice Lindley. It is agreed by all the judges that under the main enactment of the section the action of the justices was irregular. There was no preliminary "visit and examination" by one justice, neither was there any order by a justice to a medical man to examine and report upon the condition of the supposed lunatic, or any order thereupon for his being brought before two justices. Therefore none of the things necessary to be done in order to give the justices jurisdiction to sign an order in accordance with the chief provisions of the statute were done. There remained the proviso. Had either of the justices "upon such information upon oath as aforesaid, or upon his own knowledge . . . with some other justice, examined the person deemed to be a lunatic . . . and proceeded in all respects as if such person were brought before them as hereinbefore mentioned?" Lord Coleridge thought that "in all respects" included the preliminary examination by one justice, which had not taken place in Mr. Hillman's case. His colleagues thought it applied only to the subsequent proceedings. This is a nice question, upon which, pending the expected appeal to the House of Lords, even lawyers may reasonably differ. But there was a much less technical question of fact on which the Judges differed, and upon which Lord Coleridge may probably have the satisfaction of finding himself supported by the bulk of professional and public opinion. He held that "examine" meant really and seriously examine, so as to have at least a superficially sufficient reason for finding the accused guilty of lunacy. The majority of the Court thought that the carriage-window farce was a sufficient examination within the meaning of the Act. Several other minor points were raised, such as whether the medical man "called to the assistance" of the justices ought to be present at the examination, and whether the lunatic ought to know what is supposed to be happening, and so have a chance of proving his sanity; but the real question was examination or no examination. And, as Lord Coleridge justly remarked, if this was an examination, what sort of interview would not be? He might well say that a statute requiring so casual a formality was "a mockery, a snare, and a delusion." For if it can be so satisfied, it aims at providing the supposed lunatic with an elaborate safeguard of his personal liberty which is really no safeguard at all. If this is the law, it ought, like so much other lunacy law, to be changed, and we cannot accept the consolation proffered by the organ of M. Lessar that the decision is an additional reason for passing the Lord Chancellor's Bill for amending the Acts relating to lunacy. For that Bill is to be "read as one with the Lunatics Amendment Act, 1853," and it expressly provides that its enactments are not to apply to any proceedings taken under the 68th section thereof. A point not noticed in the judgments in the Court of Appeal is that, from the form and substance of the proviso, it seems to have been intended only for cases of emergency, which Mr. Hillman's certainly was not, since every one was agreed that, whatever the quality of his madness, it was perfectly harmless. It is true that no such limitation occurs in its words; but it is also true that, if it was intended for this sort of everyday use, the obscure ingenuity which was used earlier in the section in the interests of the supposed lunatic was simply thrown away. For what magistrate would consign a man to a dungeon and the company of maniacs by a formal and prolonged process, if he could do it just as well by a simple and rapid one?

The result of the whole matter, if the judgment of the Court of Appeal stands, appears to be that it is, if possible, easier to get your enemy confined by the public authorities in a county asylum than it is to get him shut up privily like the young man in *Hard Cash*. For the latter purpose you require the certificate of two medical men, and for the former only of one, the part played in the transaction by the magistrates being a formality so trivial as hardly to be worth notice. Therefore, if it is a question simply of effecting a temporary removal, it seems best to act through a magistrate; but it must not be forgotten that sane people in county asylums, since they do not pay, are much more likely to be discharged than they would be when under private care. If, therefore, a permanent absence, or even one for any considerable time, is desired, the non-official method is incomparably more advantageous.

## THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

II.

EVERY one whose experience of the Royal Academy exhibitions extends even to a single decade is tolerably certain of much that awaits him at Burlington House. There are the few fresh and stimulating works of unknown or little known men, or of artists whose reputation is not intimately connected with the Academy. There are perhaps some instances of an awakening from the lethargy with which Academical honours drowse the spirits of some of our greatest artists. There is also the determined repetition of work long since stereotyped—a debilitating process ingloriously prolonged but inevitably fatal. And, finally, there remains the vast acreage of impotent attempt—an unproductive waste without promise of performance. Of the existence of this last category it were vain to complain, for it must ever be. It is a logical result of the present management of the Royal Academy. With the extra Galleries available this year, no reasonable person could anticipate any improvement in this direction. Want of space wherein to hang meritorious rejected work has more than once formed the subject of Sir Frederick Leighton's eloquent lament. This year we are enabled to judge how far the regrets of the President were justified, or how far they inspired the rhetoric of a generous spirit.

It is to the members of the Royal Academy that artists and the public look for the elevation of British art and the preservation of its best traditions. The question of quantity and space, of increasing the number of exhibitors and mitigating the pains of the rejected, is a trifle compared with the impartial recognition of quality. On the whole, the Academical body makes a more characteristic display than last year. Even Mr. Herbert may be said to have surpassed his previous efforts. The peculiar lines in which art at the Academy is always effluent are still pursued with diligence and conviction. There are a multitude of painters who are artists in the theatric sense—they know their public. Babies in difficulties, or in long clothes, or in none, abound. All the old familiar manifestations of namby-pamby sentiment crowd the walls. The trivial, the mean, the vulgar, the smooth sufficiency of ugly commonplace are rampant. These should neither shock nor surprise, for they form part and parcel of the ordeal of the pilgrim of art. What is a more serious matter is the faltering timidity with which high and laudable aims have been attempted. The most august and memorable pages of history are parodied thereby. Themes that should fire the painter to splendid achievement are degraded in several instances by incredible feebleness of handling and lack of inspiration. One word must be added as to the hanging. No reference to any individual incompetency of the kind already mentioned would have been necessary here if it were not that through it good work had been ousted from its rightful position. The rule that makes this possible, and an annual certainty, should long ago have been rescinded. With such a rule actively in force, the Hanging Committee have a hard task before them, and it is only with the fullest sense of this hindrance to the proper exercise of their duties that we may commend their impartiality and judgment this year.

Mr. Millais, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Alma Tadema, and Mr. Hook are among the Academicians who are prominent. Mr. Millais has not been so vigorous and fresh for some time past. We referred last week to his principal picture, "The Ruling Passion" (212). The simplicity and concentration once characteristic of the artist are somewhat wanting here. The composition is not without a disturbing influence. The passionate interest expressed by the children who cluster about the couch of the sick man is a little inexplicable. They have evidently lived among the gorgeous tropic birds one of which forms the subject of the discourse that gains their rapt attention. It is by no means obvious, however, that the bird itself, and not the invalid, engages their sympathy. The incident is only half told, the motive of the picture is far from clear, notwithstanding which it is strangely pathetic. The subdued tone of the apartment is an effective foil to the gay plumage of the birds and to the rosy children, who are like sunshine among their dismal surroundings. The very force of the painting, the bright and lively hue of the children compared with the grey flesh of the man, the excessive assertion of the contrast, are obstacles to a facile reception of the whole. Not even when the pathos is discerned is the first impression of discord wholly lost. In his portrait of "Lady Peggy Primrose" (275) Mr. Millais is at his best. It is one of the most charming and accomplished of his many fascinating portraits of children. A companion portrait of "Lady Sibyl Primrose" (281), by Sir F. Leighton, has a singular charm in another method. The other works of Mr. Millais are the portrait of "Mr. Simon Fraser" (1082), and a rather trite little picture called "Orphans" (859). The portrait is wrought with characteristic force and ardour; the other, in its smooth technique and placid conventionality, is like an adroit imitation of the artist. We have already touched on Mr. Alma Tadema's "A Reading from Homer" (276). It is one of the finest examples of the painter's incomparable skill. In beauty and truth of texture, in brilliancy of surface, in the rendering of its varying density, the marble is marvellously painted. In addition to this the composition has the virtues of unusual simplicity, of palpable, sympathetic humanity, and a lively sense of actuality. Mr. Tadema's other composition is a portrait, "My Youngest Daughter" (386). Here, as in much modern portraiture, the force of the presentment is marred by accessories and background quite needlessly asserted.

In spite of the masterly harmony of the full warm tones, in spite also of the self-contained power of the portrait itself, it does not wholly attract and absorb attention. The eye wanders from the figure anxiously, seeking rest in subordinate passages of colour or tone, and with small satisfaction.

Mr. Orchardson is a master in *genre*. He returns this year to his favourite and natural habitat—the gallant world of elegance and intrigue, whose serene atmosphere is agitated by nothing more disturbing than the lightning of wit. "The Salon of Madame Récamier" (172) is a brilliant and most harmonious transcript of Parisian society in the time of the Consulate. Mr. Orchardson is an excellent example of self-control; he never produces to excess, and is always admirably just to himself. The figures are disposed with admirable skill, and without a touch of constraint or arbitrary detachment; they are wrought with individual character, and have the essential qualities of portraiture. On a creamy-yellow couch Mme. Récamier reclines, her shapely head and neck finely relieved by an immense red curtain that falls behind; she is in white, her dress being without a trace of colour save in a single rose fastened midway down the skirt. The dignity and charm of the figure are wonderfully enhanced by this simple and effective treatment. On one side of her are Cuvier and others, who appear not a little bored; on the other we have Bernadotte, the Duc de Montmorency, and others. A very effective group is formed by Talleyrand, Brilat-Savarin, and Lucien Bonaparte, between whom and the door are a number of new arrivals. In the extreme corner to the left of these, Mme. de Staël engages a little group with an expression of characteristic volubility and animation. It is not necessary to press the question of historical proprieties and literal reproduction of details, for Mr. Orchardson's composition may reasonably be considered hypothetical. He does not attempt to depict any special historical episode in the annals of the famous salon. The impression of the whole is one of great and vital force, not to be weakened by the most inveterate devotee of the document of facts. Mr. Hook is in great strength this year. In the second gallery we must note, for the present, the vigorous and noble rendering of torn tumultuous sea at ebb of tide in "After dinner rest awhile" (146). In the foreground of scattered ledges of rocks are a number of cormorants, heavy of wing and "full of gloteny"; to the right the sea rages about a low headland, and round the little bay races or vexes the masses of rocks that face the congregated sea-fowl. The dark tone of the sea is excellent, and the breaking wave and turmoil of its recoil are given with wonderful spirit.

In the first gallery Mr. Briton Rivière's "Sheep Stealers" (24) is distinguished from much of the artist's work. It is not wholly dependent on the excellence with which the animals are painted, and the artist for once has an adequate motive for his display. The picture has the dramatic note, strong human interest, and a genuine feeling for the mystery of landscape, of vague glimmering atmosphere and diffused moonlight. The like artistic perception is altogether absent from the artist's little work close by in the next room. This is entitled "After Naseby" (107), but the historical allusion is quite fallacious, and cannot affect the exquisite painting of two King Charles's spaniels. It is true there is a lady at the table with her head buried in her hands, but her grief moves us not any more than it affects the dogs, except with dumb wonder. The dogs are the attractive force, not the unfortunate lady who laments for Naseby fight. Returning to the first gallery, we note as certain of popularity a large and characteristic work of Mr. Yeames—"Prisoners of War, 1805" (67). Two English marines, mere boys, are seated on some casks on the quay of a French seaport, objects of pity and curiosity to a crowd of fisher-folk, in whose midst is the curé evidently enlightening them. One of the prisoners is pale and wearied, with his wounded arm in his jacket, the other returns the critical survey of the spectators with jaunty defiance. The figures are full of dramatic force and excellently characterized, the nationality of the groups being admirably preserved. The graphic power with which the incident is illustrated is a happy quality of this clever work. Mr. Marcus Stone is a little tame and not at all effective in "A Gambler's Wife" (18). There is no suggestion of tragedy in the figure of the deserted wife who sits alone under the great plane-tree, while the merry gamblers follow their craft afar off. It is a pretty picture, after Mr. Stone's manner, and suggests at the most only a domestic tiff or a little trouble with the family cook. Mr. Hodgson's "Don Quixote and the Galley-slaves" (39) is another instance of feeble grasp and defective imagination. The slaves are jolly, healthy creatures, poor folk of this world, and like nothing so much as an operatic chorus; as for Don Quixote, he may be what you please—he is not Don Quixote. Mr. H. Stacey Marks is fast developing one Academic accomplishment. He is becoming iterative and dull, which is a pity, for there are not many men who can be so entertaining. We are a little weary of his clean, ruddy professor as we have him in "A Treatise on Parrots" (248), and the jovial company of wits, with punch and churchwardens, in "A Good Story" (30) are not much more amusing. The title of this suggests a well-known French painter; the picture, good as it is, recalls the better work of Mr. Marks's prime.



## BERLIN CAPITALISTS AND RUSSIAN POLICY.

A STORY that has appeared in the Vienna papers may perhaps throw some light upon the apparently sudden change in the policy of the Russian Government. In any case it may be commended to the attention of the investing public here at home. It has reference to a visit to St. Petersburg paid a week or two ago by the chief of the Berlin Discount Bank. It will be in the recollection of our readers that just after the reconciliation between Prince Bismarck and M. de Giers about a year ago, a loan of 15 millions sterling was issued by the Russian Government, of which about 10 millions were brought out in Berlin. It excited much comment at the time that the Seehandlung-Societät, which is under the jurisdiction of the Prussian Ministry of Finance, and had never before engaged in loan-mongering for a foreign Government, took part in this issue. Naturally it was inferred that the German Government earnestly desired the success of the loan, either because it would enable Russia to carry out the arrangement entered into by M. de Giers and Prince Bismarck, or else because Russia was induced to conciliate Germany by a promise on the part of the Prince to facilitate the coming loan. Therefore the world readily believed the official announcement that the loan had proved a great success. But the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna now states that the loan was not a success. The German public was too intimately acquainted with the financial and political troubles of Russia to purchase the bonds, and consequently the loan was never placed. The great financial establishments of Berlin, of which the Discount Bank was one of the chief, took a part of the loan, and they received an option to take the remainder in instalments at certain intervals agreed upon. According to the Vienna paper, the period at which the option of taking one of these instalments falls due is now at hand, and the great capitalists of Berlin interested in the matter a week or two ago deputed Herr Hansemann, of the Discount Bank, to proceed to St. Petersburg and interview the Finance Minister. The prospect of a war between Russia and this country made it apparent to the great capitalists that they would be unable to place the loan if they took it, and they required, therefore, an assurance from the Russian Government, before exercising the option, that they might safely do so. Such is the story of our Vienna contemporary, and, so far as we are aware, it has not been contradicted either in Berlin or St. Petersburg. It is curious that shortly after the arrival of Herr Hansemann in St. Petersburg rumours began to circulate that the Czar was resolved upon preserving peace. Even the speech of Mr. Gladstone on moving the Vote of Credit, which it was generally assumed would cause a fall in the price of Russian stocks, failed to do so. All at once the political atmosphere began to clear, and the intelligence from St. Petersburg became more and more reassuring. How far the representations of Herr Hansemann contributed to the result each reader will judge for himself; but the story at any rate illustrates strikingly the strength of the opinion upon the Continent that Russia has now become, to a large extent, dependent upon Berlin.

Ever since the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War, Russia has been unable to borrow in Western Europe. Her Finance Minister has again and again endeavoured to do so, but without avail. Consequently the Government had to defray the cost of that conflict by internal loans and by the issue of inconvertible paper. Some of the internal loans, however, it succeeded in negotiating in Berlin, and gradually the Berlin capitalists have invested more and more largely in Russian bonds, until, as we have seen, the Berlin money market took in hand last year the rehabilitation of Russian credit. The fact explains the confidence with which the Berlin capitalists predicted all through the recent dispute that there would be no war, for they felt sure that somehow or other they would be able to prevent it. They argued that Russia, being unable to borrow in Western Europe, could not set Berlin opinion at defiance. To restore some kind of order to its finances, the Russian Government needs to replace the money raised at home and spent in the Russo-Turkish War by loans negotiated abroad. To pursue its aggressive policy it also needs constant loans. And it can build its strategic railways and develop the material resources of the Empire only by issues abroad. As matters now stand, it can obtain money nowhere abroad but in Berlin. Furthermore, it manages to pay the interest upon its existing debt only by adding year after year to that debt. Therefore, if Berlin were to refuse to lend, the Government in a short time would be unable to meet its engagements. In this state of things it is obvious that the Berlin capitalists must exercise a very considerable influence over Russian counsels. But it may be asked, Why have the Berlin capitalists engaged in the task of rehabilitating Russian finance? They could find as profitable, and certainly much safer, investments elsewhere; while political influence is not what is usually sought for by financiers. The answer is that, in taking Russian finance under their management, the great capitalists of Berlin hoped to make their city the great financial centre of the Continent. Before 1866 there were several money markets in Germany quite as important as Berlin, and the Frankfort money market, owing to the presence of the great house of Rothschild, was even more important; but since the establishment of the Empire, Berlin has become the financial and commercial, as well as the political and administrative, centre of Germany. Having distanced their provincial competitors, the great capitalists of Berlin began to compete with Paris, and their main object now is to raise

their city to a superiority over the French capital. They hoped that the rehabilitation of Russian finance would enable them to do this. Germans have long held a foremost place, industrially as well as politically, in Russia, and thus close commercial relations have always existed between Berlin and Russia. The construction of railways throughout the Russian Empire made the communication more intimate, for much of the exports of Russia naturally passed over the German railways. And the close political friendship that reigned so long between the Prussian and Russian Courts further tended to make Berlin the financial capital of Russia. When, therefore, a reconciliation was effected between Germany and Russia, and when Prince Bismarck, by permitting the Seehandlung-Societät to assist in bringing out the Russian loan, gave the signal for a more active participation in the work of restoring Russian finance, the great capitalists thought they saw their opportunity. They knew that Russia required immense loans, partly to consolidate the Floating Debt and to replace the internal loans, partly to raise the value of the rouble, and partly to continue railway building and political expansion. They hoped that the bringing out of these loans would be entrusted to themselves, and that thus year after year they would realize enormous profits. If the loans could be well managed, they expected that the distrust of Western Europe would be gradually overcome; that they would be mere agents, not involving their own credit too heavily, but netting a handsome profit in placing with investors all over Europe the obligations of the Russian Government.

The success of their scheme depended upon two conditions being fulfilled. In the first place, it was clearly necessary that the Russian Government should adopt such a policy as would reassure other countries, and gradually remove the settled suspicion of its objects entertained throughout Western Europe. But, instead of a policy of peace, internal development, and retrenchment, the Russian Government steadily continued its policy of expansion and aggression. The second necessary condition was that the great capitalists of Berlin themselves should act with extreme caution. Although Germany has grown in wealth very considerably of late, it is still poor compared with the United Kingdom and France. It is not able, therefore, to carry successfully through the vast financial operations which would be easy in London or in Paris. But, having once engaged in the task, the Berlin capitalists found themselves unable to limit their risks. The Russian Government was so sorely in need of money that they had to go farther than probably they intended at first. Moreover, to attain their plans they had to raise the price of Russian bonds, and as Russian bonds went up in price the speculators all over Germany saw an opportunity for making money. They all engaged in a vast speculation in Russian bonds, and rapidly they raised the price very nearly to par. The result is that, according to the best estimate that can be formed, from eighty to one hundred million sterling of Russian bonds are now held in Germany; and sooner or later it is clear that a crash like the panic that followed the Union Générale collapse must occur in Berlin. The capitalists and speculators of Berlin will, of course, attempt to save themselves by selling as much of their bonds as they can throughout Western Europe. It is to be hoped, at any rate, that English investors will not be lured by the snares that will be laid for them. If the Berlin capitalists and speculators are relieved of the load of Russian bonds they are now burdened with, they will be able to go on lending to the Russian Government, and the Russian Government will be able to continue its policy of aggression. If, on the other hand, the German capitalists and speculators are left to carry their load, they will be unable to lend much more; and, as Russian credit is at the lowest ebb throughout Western Europe, it will be impossible for the Russian Government to borrow anywhere. It will then for lack of funds be compelled to adopt a more peaceful policy, and we may hope to escape an early struggle in Central Asia. That the position in Berlin is most critical admits of no doubt. The great capitalists may be able to avert a panic for a much longer time than people generally suppose; but that the panic must come after awhile is certain, unless, as we have said, investors in Western Europe come to the relief of the speculators and capitalists there, and thus enable them to net the profits they have been working for, and, at the same time, to go on helping the Russian Government in its policy of expansion. Assuming that English investors are now fully enlightened, and will not be taken in by the stories that will be attempted to be palmed off upon them, a collapse must occur in Berlin. Russian credit will fall as low there as it already is in London and Paris, and Russia will then find it extremely difficult to pay the interest upon its bonds. For a while it will succeed, no doubt, for the Russian Government is wise enough to know the value of high credit and resolute enough to do anything to meet its engagements. But, if it cannot borrow abroad, it cannot for any length of time go on paying the interest on its Foreign Debt, and then the inevitable bankruptcy must come. When that hour arrives the Government will have to settle as best it can with its own people.

## THE RETURN TO THE LYCEUM.

IT is not always the case that an artist, dramatic or lyric, comes back to England from a tour in America showing a decided gain in style and force; and for this reason the very marked improvement in Mr. Irving's method and, consequently, in his power,

as exhibited in *Hamlet* is the more welcome. The change might be summed up by saying that the actor seems to have lost, not the individual manner which every remarkable actor has, but the mannerism with which he has sometimes been not unjustly reproached. It is worth while, however, to go a little further than this, and to point to some of the details which make up the whole change and bettering of what was already in a high sense good. Mr. Irving's enunciation has gained very greatly in clearness and naturalness; the articulation of each word is far more distinct, and, as a corollary, the sentences are better balanced and carry more weight, without losing anything in fineness. This result comes, no doubt, from deeper thought and study finding a fuller and less embarrassed expression than seemed to be at the player's command before; and in this statement it is almost implied that his gestures have acquired a dignity and a grace which formerly appeared to be intended rather than attained. What has just been said applies to almost every passage of Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* as now given—one exception we find in one passage of the play-scene—and it only remains to touch upon certain changes which may not vary the general conception of the character, but which do show far more clearly and finely than before the force and poetry of that conception.

We have on former occasions objected to Mr. Irving's acting in the interview of *Hamlet* with the Ghost, on the ground that his *Hamlet* seemed too entirely unmannish in the presence of the Ghost, and that after the Ghost's vanishing he gave a lachrymose prostration instead of a wild hysterical gaiety. This is now altered; not a jot of awe and passion is lost by *Hamlet's* standing up instead of half-kneeling, half-lying while he listens to the story of his father's murder, and very much is gained in picturesqueness and dignity. In the same way the whirling words which follow are far more telling when delivered, wildly indeed, but still with a certain self-command, than when uttered, as they used to be, with an air of painful and alarming exhaustion. They lead up, too, far more impressively to the striking exit upon which, ere it is completed, the curtain falls.

The scene in the second act with Polonius has also gained much by the wise restraint which the actor has put upon his speech and gesture. Here, as in other passages, the spectator feels secure where he once felt a certain doubt and uneasiness. The words, for instance, "if like a crab you could go backwards," take their true effect much the more because they are now delivered with exactly enough irrelevance and strangeness of habit, and without a touch of exaggeration in suiting the action to the word. The same temperance, with no loss of that power which produces in the audience the same emotion which the actor seems to feel, is preserved through the act, in one line of which we detected, as we thought, a new and well-conceived touch. This was in the first reply to Rosencrantz's characteristic and stupid excuse about the players, to which Mr. Irving gave the emphasis, lightly dwelt on, "He that plays the King shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me." The great speech at the end of the act was given with the same improvement of method to which we have before referred, and given, therefore, better than we had ever before heard Mr. Irving give it. To say this is to say a good deal. As much, and even more, may be said of the scene with Ophelia in the beginning of the third act. Here Mr. Irving showed a surprising increase of art in the begetting the temperance that smooths the whirlwind of passion. The contrast between the terrifying laugh accompanying "To a nunnery go and quickly too. Farewell!" and the melting pathos of the "to a nunnery, go," in the following speech is in the highest degree striking. The only objection we have to the acting of the play-scene is that Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* is here so carried away by his own desires and emotions that, in repeating the Player-King's speeches as he drags himself across the stage to where Claudius sits, he drowns the voice of the Player-King himself. This may be nature, but it is not well-considered or artistic. On the other hand, "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me you cannot play upon me," was, merely by reason of increase in judgment and art, more telling than it was before Mr. Irving's last journey in America. So is it with what is called the closet-scene, and so with the scene in the churchyard, where Mr. Irving acquires a greater impressiveness for the address to the skull by standing a little apart in delivering it, while Horatio, with his back to the audience, seems still to hold converse with the Gravedigger. So also is it with the concluding scenes, save in one point, and that a capital one—the actual death-scene. This was on Saturday last far too long drawn out, and thus lost the beautiful and touching simplicity which used to distinguish it.

Of Miss Ellen Terry's Ophelia we can say but few words. It was to our thinking perfect before, and is, if we may use the expression, more perfect now. There is no more to be said and no less.

Other welcome features in the performance were the reappearances of Mr. Howe and Mr. Mead in Polonius and the Ghost, and the appearance of Mr. Alexander as a romantic and thoroughly well-graced Laertes.

It remains to be said that, in spite of the new merits to which we have directed attention, the play—*Hamlet* is a very long play even in the Lyceum stage version—seemed inordinately long. This is the result partly of the excessive elaboration which comes of an excellent motive, even as a certain crooked line cometh of the cutting of a cone. At one point this elaboration, which has been imitated disastrously by other managers since Mr. Irving

began it, degenerates into what is, not only lengthy, but also highly offensive. This is in the idle and monstrous pomp of the funeral of Ophelia. There are funerals enough in the world of reality, and there are people enough in every audience at the Lyceum whose innocent withers may be wrung by the protracted insistence on the vain image of a dreadful reality. The wretched procession of men and children aping the solemn rites that accompany, in the funeral service of one Church, the most affecting of all human ceremonies is not only "from the purpose of playing" and of all true tragedy, but is in itself disgusting. These things are not to be lightly dealt with, and the gaudy mimicry of what is holy should be abjured for the sake, to put it on the lowest ground, of art. A little reflection should show Mr. Irving that, in thus appealing to that inexplicable love of pomp-fed horror which Miss Ferrier has so admirably described, he makes a call upon a feeling which is limited, shallow, easily exhausted, and to our better nature repugnant. And when all is said in this sense, the fact remains that the business drags out the play most intolerably.

It is with sincere regret that every true lover of dramatic art will hear of the serious illness of the great French tragedian M. Monnet-Sully, an illness which is serious enough to delay indefinitely the promised representation of *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Français. No actor of such genius for poetic tragedy had been seen on the Paris stage for a very long period—indeed, there had been no successor in the direct line to Talma until he appeared; and it seems peculiarly unfortunate that he should be struck down by illness just when he had learnt that very temperance in passion which has been learnt by his English compeer. Much regret will also be felt at the death of M. Parade, a veteran and excellent actor, who in certain parts—that for instance of the elderly rake in the *Procès Veauradieux*, who was always falling asleep and always saying, "Mes nuits sont bonnes"—was absolutely imitable.

#### NEEDLEWOMEN.

THOSE who visited the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1882 may remember one of Mr. Watts's pictures then exhibited. It was a painful picture, telling a painful story and pointing a yet more painful moral; it was, moreover, not one of the best examples of Mr. Watts's peculiar genius; but even in the least emotional nature it must have struck a chord of sympathy, for it presented in faithful delineation the daily toil of the needlewomen of London.

True, it bore for its title a line from Thomas Hood's poem, "The Song of the Shirt," and doubtless many of those who looked at the picture, with a vague stirring of pity in their hearts, comforted their consciences by recalling the fact that half a century had passed since that terrible cry shook all England, and in fifty years of "progress" such evils must have found remedies and relief. The needlewoman of Hood's time is now but a poetic figure draped in cheap sentiment; no one in these days of sewing-machines and labour-saving can know what it is to bend year after year over a needle, wearing out life and health in vain and fruitless struggles for a livelihood. So we say thoughtlessly, shutting our eyes to the truth, to the misery and want, the starvation and despair that surround us, embraced in one class—the poor needlewomen of London.

To a thoughtful mind the position of employer and employed is always a subject of grave interest; and that in this case this position is anything but satisfactory to both parties is easily shown by practical demonstration. At a meeting on the 17th of March of the General Committee of the General Registry of Needlewomen, this question was discussed in all its bearings, and many very interesting facts were told by the ladies of the Committee, and read from letters and reports furnished by the needlewomen themselves, whose unvarnished words needed no poetry or romance to add to their significance. But before entering upon this phase of the subject it may be as well to gain a little insight into the objects and working of the General Registry of Needlewomen.

In October last several ladies, who had given much thought to the condition of women living by the use of their needle, and the great need there was that some way of permanent benefit should be devised for this class of workers, formed themselves into a Committee, and opened an office where needlewomen of all degrees could register their names, terms, and capabilities, and thus establish a cheap means of advertisement and of direct communication between the employer and the employed. Accordingly rooms were taken at No. 8 Great Queen Street, Westminster, and the work was begun. Within five months 410 women have registered their names upon the books, 12 have obtained permanent places, and 175 have been employed for different periods of time, while very many others have received work through a special book which is kept for the registration of Ladies' Guilds and Working Women's Associations, by which means extra hands can at any time be supplied, or work taken from such Associations whose rules allow of so doing. In this way the Registry has worked most satisfactorily in connexion with such Societies as the Royal School of Art Needlework, the Working Ladies' Guild, Grosvenor Road, the Co-operative Needlewoman's Association, Holborn, the Working Women's Co-operative Association, Shadwell, the Hackney Needlewomen's Association, and the Gaddesten School, Great Berkhamstead.



The books of the Registry comprise all classes of needlework, from art embroidery and fine plain linen-work to upholstery, dressmaking, and tailoring. A small fee is required from both parties, threepence from the applicant for work and threepence or sixpence from the employer, according to the tested qualities of the worker engaged. It is to be hoped that in time the Registry will prove self-supporting; it is obvious that it must so become as it is more widely known and the demand for workers increases. At present the very small registration fees cannot cover the current expenses; such expenses and the working of the office fall consequently upon the Committee. For this reason, and to spread a wider knowledge of its aims and to awaken a keener sympathy in the public heart, the general meeting referred to was convened; and the report of the short six months of the Registry's existence is so satisfactory that it can hardly fail to commend itself to every one who has the real good of the working classes at heart.

It will be seen that through it one great result is at once accomplished—direct communication between the worker and employer, and the consequent displacement of the middleman, always an obstacle in the paths of all who seek employment. It is not desirable to enter deeply into this vexed question. That such a class of tax-masters, known as "sweaters," does abound, is an evil that speaks for itself, and an evil that can only be eradicated by a concerted and co-operative movement of all Associations, Guilds, and Societies that have for their aims the helping and raising of poor needlewomen. The principle of agency is of itself a right and just one; it has its practical and useful side when rightly directed, and has become a recognized fact in all commercial operations as in domestic dealings; but between the use and the abuse of any medium lies the kernel of the matter, and how to prevent such use from developing into abuse is a question of growing importance. A practical evil needs a practical reform, and this is what the Registry seeks to accomplish. It is for this that it solicits not money, not sentimental sympathy, but practical help in work and in co-operation with its members.

As a result of this first venture, a work-room has lately been established by the Committee at 14 Great Smith Street, Westminster, where between twenty and thirty women are now daily employed. This branch is entirely self-supporting, and is worked on a co-operative basis, pays its own expenses, and gives a good fair wage to those employed. The Committee look forward to establishing like work-rooms in the different districts of London, and, indeed, all through the United Kingdom.

A few quotations from the words and letters of needlewomen will best put forward their present position:—

Having been asked to give a sketch of the working life of women in London, I am reminded of some who were my companions in a large establishment. They came long distances to earn a bare existence. I have known women to start from their homes, winter and summer alike, at four A.M., with the exception of Sundays and holidays, including Bank Holiday. They were obliged, when living in the suburbs, to start thus early to catch the workmen's train, though this added two profitless hours to their time in London. They had in many cases a big bundle of overnight work to carry for one or two miles, encountering often wet and stormy weather, and, what perhaps they dreaded more, a keen east wind. They arrived at our place of work at 6.30, and as, of course, there was no opportunity of changing their clothes, that morning walk sometimes laid the foundation of disease. The variations of temperature in the factories and workrooms are also often most trying. I may mention that lately, in the depth of winter, one of our workers brought in a thermometer; we found that it rose to 32°. The working hours are from eight to six. We do not at all complain of their length, if only we could in that time earn enough to live by; but this, unfortunately, we find impossible. Some part of our work entails a considerable physical effort. The usual hour is allowed for dinner, and, as ours is piece-work, we can have a few minutes for tea. As there is a great variety of work, prices necessarily vary, and I cannot say what is the average wage, but the expression I have already used of a bare existence is, I know, the truth. The greater number to eke out this existence are obliged to take some work overnight. If we can lay it down at eleven o'clock we consider ourselves fortunate indeed, but I know many who sit up regularly two nights in every week. In this struggle the weak ones must go down. Some among us are unable with the utmost economy to lay by even a halfpenny a week. Those who have machines, if they can keep their health, are able to save something. The half-holiday on Saturday is our opportunity for keeping our rooms in order, and where there are children to attend to there is always washing, and Sunday is mending and ironing day. For the first eight years of my work in that establishment I did not open a book and I hardly took a pen in my hand. Few perhaps, except working-women, know the weariness, the dread of what next week may bring, which weighs upon many. For myself, at the end of that time I joined one of the Women's Trade-Unions, formed by the Women's Provident League, and the sense of sympathy and support which it gave me has made life changed, and I would lose no opportunity of urging on other working-women to obtain for themselves the same comfort.

This is the plain language of a woman who supports herself by her needle, who is more than ordinarily educated, and on whose mind and heart the sorrows of her class have left ineffaceable traces. Her "Club" is her only resource, and there she seeks distraction from the monotony and pain of her life by engaging in abstract questions. A lady who visits her says her favourite topics are "harmony and its laws in colour and sound; the laws of likeness and difference in nature; anything that soars far away above the click of the sewing-machine and the clatter of the workroom."

In this connexion, also, a few items from an authenticated scale of prices will be instructive. The worst work is contracted for by the men and women "sweaters," and by them given out to the most wretched class of women at 9d. to 1s. a day. The workers take their meal with them, and eat it at the "sweater's" house—"they are hardly allowed to breathe." Police clothing forms a

large item of "contracted" work; the cloth covers for the helmets are made by women at 1s. to 1s. 6d. a dozen, they furnishing their own silk for the stitching. In South London button-holing is a large industry, done at the rate of one penny the dozen holes of the commoner class, 2d. or 2½d. the better sort, the workers to furnish their own cotton at 2½d. a reel. A quick worker can do ten holes of the commonest class in an hour; her whole wage not amounting to 1d. an hour, or 1s. a day.

Ladies' linen is the worst paid of all needlework, and one woman, after applying for work at a large establishment and hearing the rate of payment, refused to take it, saying she "might as well starve without work as with it." At the Docks and Ratchliffe Highway boot-finishing gives much employment to women and girls, who can earn sixpence a week by sitting close at it every day. Tailoring is another class of woman's work; the pay for boys' coats is 10d. to 1s. 4d.; two good quick workers can make three of these a day, being an average of 3s. to be divided between them, and they must provide the "trimmings," silks, bindings, cotton, &c. Men's and boys' trousers fetch from 4½d. to 10d., and these are all considered good prices. Here, also, the middleman contracts for complete suits by the thousand, and gives 6d., 8d., and 10d. for having them made.

These isolated facts can be augmented by scores of instances where the pay is even worse and the work harder. It is, of course, always to be borne in mind that the class of needlewomen most requiring help is that of the tested, trained, professional worker, whose whole life has been an apprenticeship to her trade, rather than that of those who take up their needle when all other resources fail, as a ladylike employment, and one not repugnant to their "woman nature." In such an organization as the Registry the best work will always command the best wage, and in the long run the earnest, faithful, experienced needlewoman must reap the greater benefit.

To help those who help themselves, to remedy in some manner the misery of our poor needlewomen, to open co-operative branches, to raise the wage paid for work to some commensurate compensation, to provide work, and to be the honest channel of communication between worker and employer, are the practical objects of the Registry of Needlewomen.

#### THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

THE Two Thousand Guineas is one of the greatest three-year-old races of the season, but its winners do not always turn out to be great horses. A certain proportion of them win Derbys, and many of them distinguish themselves in other great races; but when we compare the list of Two Thousand winners with those of the winners of the Derby and St. Leger we must certainly give the preference to the two latter. Even the Ascot Cup has been won by horses that have been, on the whole, somewhat better than the winners of the Two Thousand; and one or two other races can show lists of winners which run that of the Two Thousand very close. Although the first Two Thousand was run early in the current century, the race is nearly thirty years younger than the Derby; and, whereas the subscriptions to the latter race have, for many years, been much oftener over than under two hundred, the subscriptions to the Two Thousand have only exceeded one hundred on three occasions. There can be no comparison, again, between the crowds which attend the Derby, the St. Leger, or the Ascot Cup and those that go to the Two Thousand, much as the attendance at Newmarket has increased of late years. Nevertheless, the Two Thousand is, and is likely to continue to be, a very favourite race among good sportsmen; in our opinion, it is infinitely to be preferred to the Derby, so far as the enjoyment of the day is concerned, and even on Wednesday last, although the day was damp and chilly, the race was worth going a long way to see.

To tell the story of the late Two Thousand it is necessary to go back to last autumn, and to the Middle Park Plate, a race run over the last three-quarters of the Two Thousand course. Several good public performers were to run for it; but the most talked about of all the starters was an unnamed colt by Sterling out of Casuistry, belonging to the Duke of Westminster, and this colt, as everybody now knows, was destined to win the Two Thousand. Cora, who had then shown some of the best two-year-old form of the season, was heavily weighted; Royal Hampton, although he had run well, had too often been only placed, and his wind lay under suspicion; Melton was carrying the heaviest weight in the race; Lonely had won half a dozen races, but had lost seven; and the only other starter of whom much notice was taken was the French colt Xaintrailles, by Flageolet, who, like the Casuistry colt, was running for the first time. After a great deal of betting, the Casuistry colt and Cora started equal favourites, the next in favour being Xaintrailles. Melton won by half a length from Xaintrailles, and the Casuistry colt and Royal Hampton ran a dead heat for third place, a length and a half behind Xaintrailles. The Casuistry colt ran in a very raw fashion, as horses often do when racing for the first time in public, and many people made excuses for his defeat on this ground; but his owner appeared to be disappointed with him, for he sold him not long afterwards to Mr. Brodrick Cloete. His next, and only other public appearance last season, was for the Dewhurst Plate, for which he came out under the name of Paradox. This time Xaintrailles was made first favourite; Paradox was second, and Cora was third favourite. Paradox had the advantage of Archer's splendid riding, and he won by

three lengths; and Cora, who had been unplaced for the Middle Park Plate, ran second, four lengths in front of Xaintrailles. Here, therefore, was a problem for racing men—a problem which, we may add, has not been solved even by the result of the Two Thousand. Was the result of the Dewhurst Plate owing to Xaintrailles not running up to his true form?—Cora's reversed position with him to some extent supported this theory—or was Paradox's running in the Middle Park Plate untrue, and would he have beaten Melton, and won that race, if he had then run up to his real form? On these questions there was much disagreement, and opinions were so equally divided, that six months afterwards Melton and Paradox were equal favourites for the Derby at 6 to 1. Melton, however, was not in the Two Thousand, so Paradox became a singularly strong favourite for that race; during the Craven meeting he was backed at evens, and odds were freely laid on him at Epsom and Sandown. So strong a favourite was he that the Two Thousand was declared to be a most uninteresting race; it was spoken of as "a certainty for Paradox," and 3 to 1 was laid on him at the start. But there were people who thought that Paradox ran some risk from Child of the Mist, a colt by Blair Athol out of Ma Bella. This colt's first race had been in a Biennial at Ascot, when he ran a very moderate second to Luminary. Now excuses had been made for Paradox's first defeat, and the same indulgence was claimed for Child of the Mist—there is a sort of "first fault" on the Turf as well as at Eton, and Child of the Mist had won his second race in good style from Langwell, Golden Ray, Match Girl, Present Times, and Ierne. With the single exception of Ierne, all these horses won races. Langwell won three races, in one of them beating Royal Hampton; Golden Ray won the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood, a race worth more than eleven hundred pounds; Match Girl won a race in which she beat Langwell by three lengths, to say nothing of running within half a length of Melton himself for the New Stakes at Ascot; and Present Times won a couple of races, and was placed as often as seven times. Child of the Mist was considered by some critics to be rather light in his middle-piece and a little "leggy"; but he has beautiful shoulders, and he is a big horse with plenty of length; so it was thought by many racing men that from his make and his free movement in his gallop he would be just the sort of horse to shine over the Rowley Mile.

Langwell's form last season had been very unequal; but the best of it had been a little below that of several other two-year-olds. This spring he had disappointed his backers by collapsing at the critical moment, after starting first favourite and running very well up to a very late part of the race, in the Biennial at the Craven Meeting, and there were reports that he had become a roarer. Lord Charles had won a race last year, but his other performances did not entitle him to favouritism. This season he had been unplaced for the Crawford Plate, and his chance of winning the Two Thousand appeared small, although he is a fine muscular colt and may win many races. The colt by Kisber out of Chopette had begun his racing career by winning the Halmaker Stakes at Goodwood, in a field of ten two-year-olds. On the following day he had been the last of a field of three, in a race won by Langwell, but he was giving weight to each of his opponents. In September he was beaten a neck by Lonely when giving her a pound, but it was a hard-fought race; and in October he was third to Aladdin and Cartago when giving 2st. to the former and 3st. to the latter, and, as he was close up, his defeat was very far from being a disgrace. Two stone is an enormous allowance, especially to a horse that won three races and was placed three times during the season, and 3 st. to a horse that won a race and was placed twice was an even greater concession. It was much to be regretted that Xaintrailles had been sent to France, for although his chance of beating Paradox might not have been a hopeful one, his public form was far better than that of the rest of the field. We should also like to have seen Luminary take part in the race. As he is in the same stable with Paradox, his trainer had every opportunity of knowing his chances of beating that horse, but his public form of last season had been highly creditable, and he had beaten Melton at even weights. Then there was St. Honorat, for whom Lord Calthorpe had given 4,000 guineas last October. Surely if he were sound and worth such a price, he should have had a chance for the Two Thousand; but for some cause or other he was not forthcoming. It seemed as if all things had combined together to make the Two Thousand of 1885 an uninteresting race, and it was talked of as if it would be, to all intents and purposes, a walk over.

Many people bought tickets for the Birdcage with the sole object of having a good look at one horse, but that particular horse was not there, for Paradox was saddled in the quiet Ditch stables, away from the crowd and the noise. The seven starters—the smallest field that has run for the Two Thousand for more than thirty years—were soon off, and as they came to the top of the hill Paradox was leading. Child of the Mist began to run wearily on the descent, and before they entered the Dip everything was well beaten except the favourite and the Chopette colt. As they came out of the Abingdon Bottom Archer held the lead on Paradox, and Cannon was about three-quarters of a length behind him on the Chopette colt. On the way up the hill Cannon gradually gained ground, and as they drew near to the winning-post the two horses ran side by side so closely as to be almost touching each other. It was a magnificent finish, and the two jockeys, who are generally considered the most accomplished on the Turf, had to use all their skill. Nobody but the judge himself could be quite certain of the result when the horses flashed past the post, and he decided that

Paradox had won by a head. Whether the favourite would have won if the course had been a few yards longer; whether on this particular occasion Archer may have ridden with rather more judgment than Cannon; and whether Paradox or the Chopette colt was the better trained of the pair, are questions likely to lead to much discussion among racing-men; but of this there can be no doubt, that after promising to be the dullest Two Thousand on record, the race was one of exceptional brilliancy, and that before the bold backers of the favourite had the satisfaction of winning their money, they enjoyed the pleasurable excitement of one of those paroxysms of terror which make horse-racing delightful. Moreover, the result of the Two Thousand has made the approaching Derby a far more interesting affair than it had promised to be.

The Poule d'Essai, which in England generally goes by the name of "The French Two Thousand," was run on Sunday last at the Paris races. As much as 5 to 1 was laid on Xaintrailles, who had only two opponents. Wood, who had ridden three winners on the previous day at Sandown, rode the favourite, and won in a canter. A little later in the season we hope to see the battle between the winners of the French and English Two Thousands, of which we have been disappointed this week.

## THE WATER-COLOURS.

### II.

THE exhibition at the Institute has more diversity and a higher average achievement than for several years past. Even artists whose limitations had become well recognized show less repetition than usual, and contribute to the variety and freshness that are agreeable features of the show. Mr. Caton Woodville abandons military episodes; Mr. Clausen makes quite a new departure; Mr. Abbey's work possesses the unwonted charm of distinctive, specialized colour; Mr. T. Blake Wirgman makes a rare and happy excursion into pure sentiment, and the like grace gives additional interest to Mr. Elgood's studies of old gardens and alleys. Mr. H. R. Steer, Mr. Huson, and other recent members, also show the healthy stimulus that enlarges the vision and braces the faculties. The mere forsaking of old grooves, even though the movement is not necessarily progress, is something worth record, and it is certainly due to the present exhibition. Mr. J. D. Linton sends no important composition, but is fully represented by two admirable character-portraits, equal to anything of the kind he has produced. These are "Rose Bradwardine" (464) and "Waverley" (444). We can scarcely accept the latter as an imaginative presentment of Scott's hero; he is a gentleman of the period, with the requisite gallantry, but is far too manly and resolute, too noble and composed. He is a man of decision and ripe powers, not the immature and fickle youth. This objection is purely sentimental and literary, and does not affect the artistic qualities of a most luminous and expressive drawing. Both it and its companion, the engaging, merry-hearted Rose, have wonderful picturesque force, the romantic quality that is potent with attraction. This winning grace is combined with the highest technical skill, depth, and richness of colour, and a mastery of harmony which in itself is an unfailing allurements.

Mr. Abbey's "An Old Song" (294) expresses a touching sentiment with exquisite delicacy and charm. The play of light, the disposition of the figures, and the ensemble of the old-fashioned interior are very skilful. In the centre a tall young girl accompanies her song on the harp; in one corner are two elderly folk, who, under the influence of the music, muse of past days, the old man pressing the hand of the old lady, who shares his mournful yet pleasant retrospection. The reverie in her face, the pathos of his inclined figure, the unconscious absorption of the singer, are admirably simple and natural. Mr. H. R. Steer's work is always earnest and sincere. In "Evicted" (347) he depicts an incident of the streets with vivid force and stern uncompromising truth. Such work has permanent vitality. Mr. John White, in his "Surrey Colts" (178), gives a study of boys in pleasanter circumstances than the squalor of Mr. Steer's little drama. In the dusky glow of summer evening the village boys play cricket on the unfrequented highway. The scene is suffused with unfathomable wealth of colour; the mystery and poetry of twilight, of sky yet lambent and the gathering gloom of night, are rendered with extraordinary force. Scarcely less subtle, and fully as impressive, is Mr. Clausen's "Harvest Evening" (518), with the last flame of sunset touching the sheaves and the harvesters—a drawing full of sympathetic insight. The simplicity with which Mr. Wirgman treats his subject is the chief source of the charm in his drawing of two young lovers exchanging trustful confidences. "Heaven's Gate" (748) is a figurative title expressive of the bliss of this young pair, and the sentiment is illustrated with grace and fervour. The slight constraint of the young man's attitude is one of those little touches of nature which many good artists would have been careful to avoid, yet it is of the essence of truth.

Mr. Charles Green returns to congenial work in illustrating Dickens. His "Nelly and her Grandfather at the Races" (627) is one of his finest drawings, if it is not, indeed, unapproached by anything of the kind in modern English art. It is singularly happy in composition, in the vivacity and animation of the figures, in variety and piquancy and *verisemblance*. The absolute absence of artifice is delightful; the half-scared yet interested look of the old man, the appealing expression of little Nell, are finely characterized. Separated from the buoyant holiday humour of the



through around, they are not divorced from it by any melodramatic insistence of the fact. Thus the unity of the composition is excellently preserved. Mr. Frank Dadd in his delightful manner depicts with great humour a visit to a phrenologist in "The Boy—What will he become?" (412). With a humour not less graphic Mr. Joseph Nash is equally entertaining in "The Tithe Pig" (512). Less deliberately decorative in style than usual, Mr. Walter Crane shows all his wonted grace and elegance in "Pan Pipes" (47), a quaint and pretty essay in pure pastoral. Among marine pieces Mr. Napier Hemy contributes one of his freshest and brightest pictures, fishermen at work in a shoal of pilchards (192). Mr. W. L. Wyllie is also seen at his best and strongest in "The 'City of Rochester' Discharging" (523), and "The 'Providence' Repairing" (711).

In pure landscape the exhibition is not quite equal to last year's show. Mr. Thomas Collier's "Near Burley" (734), with many fine qualities, is a little unsatisfactory in the sky, in the vaporous texture of the clouds. Mr. H. G. Hine sends many fine drawings, exquisite in tone and colour and in vague diaphanous effects of mist and distance. Mr. Claude Hayes combines landscape with a stirring presentment of gipsy life in his vivacious and clever "Changing Quarters" (158). Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Christchurch, Hants" (950) is glaringly false, and Mr. R. W. Macbeth cannot be commended for his slovenly reduction of his landscape, "A Fen Farm" (825). Mr. Huson, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. T. Pyne, and Mr. Wimpey show sound and representative work. Mr. Fulleylove's "Narcissus" (479), a bronze statue in a garden, is a notable example of technical skill, the tone and texture of the metal being marvellously realized. Lastly, we must note Mr. Caffieri's "Shutting the Lock-gates" (286) and "Cookham Lock" (168), both delicately harmonized, the latter a beautiful impression of broad beamless light, silvery atmosphere, and wan water.

#### THE CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL.

WE have already said something about the Bill which Lord Dalhousie has just succeeded in passing through the House of Lords. But this Bill is not one to be dismissed with a single comment. If it were to become the law of the land, and to be strictly enforced (as every law ought to be, under pain of stultifying the Legislature), it would mean nothing less than death or perpetual imprisonment to hundreds of unhappy creatures, driven, as they would be by Clause 9, from the streets to their homes; then by Clause 12 from these homes, under the pretence that they are "brothels," back to the streets; then from the streets to prison; and, finally, from prison, to starvation.

So much for the cruelty of this measure; we will now endeavour to point out a few of its no less enormous absurdities. In the first place, it attempts to effect a thing which all the wisest and best of men have hitherto recognized to be impossible, and which most of them have held to be undesirable, the total suppression of prostitution in its widest sense, including every form of illicit intercourse between the two sexes. The second flagrant absurdity which occurs to us lies in the absence of any proper means of carrying out one of its most important provisions, that which is embodied in Clause 9, and which makes it a penal offence for a man to address a woman, or a woman to address a man, for an immoral purpose. We do not wish to say anything against the police, and we do not think that we are saying anything against them when we assert that they are men like other men. In point of fact they are much the same as soldiers, except that their discipline is somewhat less severe; and what would be thought of a proposal to entrust the superintendence of public morals in the streets of London to the privates of the Foot Guards or of the Household Cavalry?

We trust to the police to protect us against murder, burglary, and dynamite, because it is comparatively easy to keep murderers, burglars, and dynamiters out of the force, but we have never heard that chastity was required as a qualification for admission to it. The loves of the policeman with the cook and the parlour-maid have long afforded materials for the caricaturist in the comic papers, and but for the decorum which invariably and happily characterizes such publications in this country, there can be no doubt in the mind of any man who has walked in London by night and kept his eyes open that similar and truer pictures might be inspired by the less avowable loves of the policeman. To execute such functions as those entrusted by this Bill to the police, it would be necessary to have some body of men like the military religious orders of the middle ages, bound by vows of continency, or some sort of female Amazonian scarecrow brigade, such as was suggested two years ago in the House of Lords by Lord Truro; or else to impose upon the present and future members of the actual police force the peculiar qualification required of the guardians of Oriental harems. But, even supposing a sufficient force of persons—masculine, feminine, or neuter—to be organized, how are those persons to distinguish between solicitations for immoral purposes and ordinary legitimate greetings?

For large classes of the population the streets are what their Lordships' drawing-rooms are to themselves, their wives, and their daughters. Young women employed in shops or in domestic service have no other place in which to meet young men who may be paying them strictly honourable attentions, and yet under this law any poor girl who may be waiting for her sweetheart may

be carried off by the police and locked up for the night. This idea was treated lightly in the House of Lords, and it was said that even in such a case no great harm would be done, because, in the absence of any evidence against the girl, or on the production of evidence in her favour, she would be discharged by the magistrate in the morning. We cannot agree that this is a trifling matter. We wish to have proper order and decorum maintained in the streets, but we say deliberately that we would see them crowded with the vilest of the vile, and every passenger exposed to the most disgusting solicitations, rather than that innocent girls should be dragged off to undergo for one night the horrors of preventive imprisonment, horrors which can only be conceived by those who have been admitted to visit the cells of a police-station, and which probably can be fully realized only by those who have been their involuntary tenants. Such a night might easily be the death of a delicate girl, and her fate would perhaps be envied by others whose more robust constitutions might enable them to survive the physical suffering, but whose subsequent lives would be for ever ruined by the moral degradation. We stop here for the present. We have not endeavoured to defend immorality, but we have attempted to plead the cause of the pure and the innocent on the one hand, and on the other hand the cause of the feeblest, the most friendless, and the most forlorn of our fellow-creatures. For their sake, and for the sake of common justice, common charity, common honesty, and common sense, we trust that the Lower House of Parliament will reject this measure.

#### THE HEADMASTERSHIP OF HARROW.

THE election of a new Headmaster to what ranks by common consent as one of the three first Public Schools in England cannot fail to be a matter of more than local or purely scholastic interest. There are indeed Harrovians to be found at the front in every line of life, civil, ecclesiastical, military—in Parliament, in the Cabinet, on the episcopal and judicial Bench, among those who have fought and those who have nobly fallen on the banks of the Nile, and for all Harrovians of course, who cherish the love of their old school in their hearts, such an appointment must always have a special interest of its own; but it does not concern them alone. And there are moreover circumstances which give to the present election a peculiar significance. It is the first made by the reconstituted Governing Body of Harrow, incorporated under the old name defined in the Founder's will, as "the Keepers and Governors of the Possessions, Revenues, and Goods of the Free Grammar School of John Lyon." And besides, the new Headmaster will be called to his post after an administration of a quarter of a century of almost unexampled distinction and success. On that point we had occasion to speak so recently, in connexion with Dr. Butler's approaching retirement, that there is no need to recur to it now, further than to observe that, on the principle *noblesse oblige*, a more than common responsibility necessarily devolves on his successor, who will be expected to act up to the example bequeathed to him, and to sustain the School at its present high level of efficiency and reputation. There is fortunately no reason to anticipate that such a hope will be disappointed. In electing Mr. Welldon, who last year narrowly missed election to the headmastership of his own old School, Eton, the Governors have made a choice which will be very generally approved. That the new Headmaster is a comparatively young man is in these days regarded as in itself the reverse of a disqualification for such a post, and Mr. Welldon is in fact somewhat older than any of his three immediate predecessors at the time of their succession. He is known moreover, not only as having carried off the highest honours at Eton and Cambridge, but—what is perhaps still more directly to the purpose—as having served a novitiate, so to say, for his new office in the headmastership of Dulwich, where he has already made his mark. The only objections which we have seen hinted anywhere to the appointment are of a kind which not only will not bear sifting, but are chiefly deserving of notice here, because in reality they tell just the other way. Of personal criticism on Mr. Welldon's competence, so far as we are aware, no whisper has been heard, but it has been rather oddly objected in some quarters—not always in the most becoming or courteous phrase—that he is a clergyman, and that he is an Etonian.

The first objection, which does not emanate from Harrovians, but from two or three anti-clerical journalists, need not detain us long. In the first place—apart from the obvious absurdity of talking about "defiance of an Act of Parliament," as though permission meant injunction—it is based on a mistake of fact, when the Governors of Harrow are arraigned for not using their new liberty of selection by choosing a layman. They had no freedom of choice in this case, which they had not equally before. It is quite true that every Headmaster of Harrow for the last two centuries has been in holy orders, but that is due to a sense of fitness on the part of the electors, not to any statutable obligation. They were acting indeed not only in the interests of the School, but in entire harmony with the spirit and intention of the Founder's will. John Lyon was careful to provide that his scholars should learn the Lord's Prayer and Church Catechism in Latin, that they should attend the parish church to hear Divine Service, and that "thirty good, learned, and godly sermons were to be preached yearly for ever in the parish church of Harrow"

to them. In Mr. Thornton's words in his valuable work on *Harrow School*, "a belief in Christianity is the very groundwork of the education provided at Harrow" by the founder, and "the School, as a body, is to receive the religious education enjoined by the Church of England." But still he only directed that his Master should be a M.A., not that he should be in orders, and in fact three or four of the early headmasters appear to have been laymen, including William Horne, the "*præceptor strenuus*," whose epitaph may be read in the chancel of Harrow Church, and who first raised the School to eminence. But since his death, in 1685, the Governors have instinctively felt that the office would be most fitly entrusted to a clergyman, and therein—as we said before—they have acted in full accordance with the founder's intention. The new Governing Body have simply the same legal right as their predecessors to elect a layman, if they please, but the reasons against doing so are not weaker but stronger than in former days. John Lyon manifested in the injunctions of his will a quite remarkable foresight, and clearly designed to found a school "national, not parochial," but still he could not certainly prejudge its future dimensions, and he was content to provide for the attendance of his scholars at the parish church, where indeed the earliest clerical headmaster, the Rev. William Launce, assisted the vicar in preaching the "thirty godly and learned sermons" he had prescribed. But, as time went on and the numbers and needs of the School increased, this arrangement was no less naturally felt to be inadequate, and when Dr. Wordsworth became Headmaster in 1836, he was only responding to the obvious requirements of the case and the growing sense of the spiritual obligations of his high office, in resolving—as Dr. Arnold had not long before resolved at Rugby—to secure a provision for separate School services and sermons. He therefore procured the erection of a School Chapel, and it would be a manifest incongruity—especially after the excellent use which has been made of it by his three immediate predecessors—if the new Headmaster were in a position which excluded him from its pulpit. In point of fact Mr. Weldon is already well known as a preacher, which constitutes a fresh, though not the most essential, qualification for his office.

And if it is on every ground an advantage that he should be a clergyman, it is certainly no disadvantage that he is an Etonian. The long and prosperous reign of Dr. Butler, who was an Harrovian from his youth upwards, and brought back to his old School as headmaster not only the energy and capacity of a born ruler but the loyalty of a devoted son, has inevitably suggested the wish for a successor in all respects such as himself. And we are far from saying that, if such an one had chanced to be forthcoming, it might not have been well to elect him. But it is a curious circumstance—distinguishing Harrow usage from that of its two great rivals, Winchester and Eton—that Dr. Butler is the first Harrow boy who has ever become headmaster. His immediate predecessor, Dr. Vaughan, came from Rugby, Dr. Wordsworth from Winchester, Dr. Longley from Westminster. So far therefore the last election does but follow precedent in taking an outsider for the post; and it may be partly on this account that the individuality of the headmaster appears, as Mr. Thornton insists, to have counted for more at Harrow than at the two more ancient foundations. But it is further to be noted that, just as Eton in its early days had recourse more than once to Winchester for a headmaster, Harrow has borrowed several of its most distinguished headmasters from "the watery glade" of Eton. Archdeacon Thackeray, a century and a half ago, who has actually been called by the present Headmaster "the second founder of Harrow School," and who numbered among his pupils Sir William Jones and the famous Samuel Parr, was an Etonian, a Kingsman, and a former Assistant Master of Eton. And on his resignation, through ill health, after fifteen years of a rule which left its permanent mark on the School, he was succeeded by another, and hardly less, distinguished Etonian, Robert Sumner, grandfather of a late Archbishop of Canterbury, whose career was indeed prematurely cut short by a fit of apoplexy, but who within a few years had raised the numbers from under 100 to 250, and from whose time date the first printed bills of the School; among his pupils was the poet Sheridan. On his sudden death, at the early age of forty-one, there broke out something like a rebellion at Harrow, for the boys were anxious to have Dr. Parr appointed, who had been a Harrow boy and was then a Master, and they memorialized the Governors to that effect, declaring that "we, the senior scholars, as the voice of the whole School, having received intelligence that you propose, contrary to the manifest desire of each of us, to appoint Mr. Heath, or some other person from Eton, desire to protest. . . . A School of such reputation, as our late Master [who was an Etonian] has rendered this, ought not to be considered an appendix to Eton." And they add significantly that "a School cannot be supported when every individual is disaffected towards the Master." But the Governors—wisely, as the event proved—did nevertheless elect "Mr. Heath from Eton," and were mobbed in consequence, and the carriage of one of their number, Mr. Bucknall, was wrecked by the boys, one of the noisiest of the rioters being the Marquess Wellesley, then only eleven years old, who proved incorrigible and was removed by his guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, to Eton. Dr. Heath however, who put an end to the traditional archery at "the Butts," and established the Speeches in its place, quelled the rebellion, and ruled successfully for fourteen years, when he retired, in 1785, to an Eton fellowship, to be followed by one of his Assistant Masters, Dr. Joseph Drury—an "old Westminster"—whose family name has been from that day to this as a household word at Harrow,

and who raised the numbers to over 350. With Dr. Heath closes up to this time the illustrious line of Etonian headmasters; but the popular Henry Drury—better known as "Harry Drury," and the hero of many a Harrow tale—who during 41 years held the position first of Assistant and latterly of Second Master, under four successive heads, Dr. Drury, his father, Dr. G. Butler, Dr. Longley, and Dr. Wordsworth, was also an Etonian. We may hope then that the advent of another Headmaster from a School with which Harrow is connected by so many honourable obligations, as well as by an honourable rivalry, in the past, will not be resented by the present generation of Harrovians as converting Harrow into "an appendix to Eton," and that Mr. Weldon, when he takes possession of his magisterial throne, will not find "every" or any "individual disaffected towards" him among his pupils. On the contrary, it may be confidently assumed that the first thought suggested to them by the news of his election, which would doubtless also be his own, was the prayer of the School motto, *Stet Fortuna Domus*. For three centuries that prayer has been fulfilled, and those who wish well to Harrow may be content to recognize in the approaching commencement of a new reign the augury of a future destined to do no discredit to a great and memorable past.

#### THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition opened on Monday by the Prince of Wales makes as auspicious a start as any of its predecessors. The show itself is not likely to be so universally interesting as last year, but the musical programme for the season may be expected to meet all deficiency on that score. The fair fortune of a fine summer is all that is wanted for complete success. The authorities have made wise provision for the supply of music, which must prove even more than last year the chief attraction. Patents and inventions can only appeal to a limited class; to the majority of visitors one machine is like another, something to be glanced at, not investigated. On the other hand, the music section of the Exhibition is likely to arouse great interest, though we think it is a grave error to consign the loan collection of musical instruments and MSS. to the inaccessible galleries of the Albert Hall. We regret that no attempt is to be made to illustrate practically the development of the modern orchestra. Without any great difficulties this interesting experiment might well have been carried out, say from the middle of the last century to the present date. As we are to have orchestral and choral competitions, interesting doubtless, but no novelty, we might also have the more instructive and suggestive musical demonstration. There is little doubt it would interest all except those whose transports are wholly reserved for the Chinese lanterns, the myriad lamps, and illuminated fountains. If, unfortunately, a wet and cold season should intervene, there needs no prophetic gift to foresee the result; the theatres would fill, and the Inventories lose half its visitors. Music in that sphere of echoes, the Albert Hall, is something much less pleasurable than in the warm evening air in the garden, with thousands of electric lamps among the trees, and the cooling influence of the many-coloured fountains. The Albert Hall is a depressing place when a strident brass band is blaring forth the *Tannhäuser* march, and even popular airs on the organ pall at length on the placid ear of the people. It would be sad if the floods should open on us just as we are cultivating a real taste for garden fêtes and the delights of open-air concerts.

Just at present the show is incomplete, though in a fortnight all should be in smooth working order. Electric lighting is much more prominent this year. The pretty little coloured lamps that then hung in festoons from tree to tree are now superseded by small and brilliant incandescent lamps, eighteen thousand of which are used in the grounds alone. The effect is exceedingly fine, though it does not appeal to the sentiment of those who can recall the old Surrey Gardens and its famous *al fresco* concerts. The department of electric engineering is of unusual amplitude, in machinery, dynamos, and galvanic batteries. The capacities of the electric light are exemplified on a more extensive scale than has ever been attempted. The exhibition of machinery promises to be of extraordinary variety and importance, and, if utterly unintelligible to the multitude, will serve to stimulate the fancy. This is perhaps the æsthetic value of all complex engines; they stir the dormant imagination the more they defy the comprehension of the uninitiated. To the engineer there are few more pitiable sights than a crowd of respectful and ignorant sightseers contemplating some great machine in action. There is something touching in their thirst for information, their utter helplessness and insufficiency. If only some practical exponent of the mysteries were on the spot, there would be an eager rush of those bent on improvement; and what we fear will prove a dull department to many and the source of headache and dejection would gain immense popularity. To be baffled in the pursuit of knowledge with its fruits within grasp tends to moral prostration as certainly as the conscientious round of the machinery galleries will induce physical exhaustion.

In the Southern Annexe, last year occupied by articles of food, is a display that will meet great public favour. The notorious admiration of civilians for weapons of warfare will be abundantly gratified by the show of machine-guns, breechloaders of many kinds, Nordenfolt guns, shrapnel shells, and other ammunition. Here are also a Whitehead torpedo, the appliances for firing batteries and exploding mines, together with other devices undreamed



of by Tubal Cain. The inquisitive man of peace may revel in this wealth of material. As far as can be now ascertained, the Exhibition will provide plenty of work and entertainment for the diligent visitor. The admirable reproduction of Old London is retained, with many improvements. It is now well paved, and lighted by electricity—a concession to modern taste so sensible that we may pardon the anachronism. The paving, we may add, is executed in a reverent spirit, and has not the aggressive baldness of our streets. The many-gabled houses and quaint street look exceedingly romantic when illuminated; the force of the illusion is singularly complete. Altogether, a first view of the Inventions Exhibition justifies expectations of its success, if only the sun smile upon it.

#### THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

ON Thursday afternoon a new and original play, by Mr. R. C. Carton and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, was performed at the Olympic. It was a deserved success. The incidents, principal and subordinate, are not all of them absolutely novel, nor in a bright and clever play of this kind is there any reason why they should be. How far absolute novelty of incident is possible in any play is an abstruse question which we need not now enter upon. We may probably have occasion to return to the play of *The Great Pink Pearl*. What we now wish to call attention to is the excellent acting of Mr. Giddens, who as Antony Sheen displayed a quiet, but not the less incisive, humour which told all the more by contrast with the broader and well-placed fun of Mr. Groves as Patruccio Gorman. M. Marius gave exactly the fitting seriousness and dignity to the part of the Prince. Mr. Denison, as Count Serge Kerouine, exhibited a singularly successful study of different inflections on one word—"so." Mr. Hamilton Bell distinguished himself in a small part. Miss Compton's talents have seldom been seen to better advantage than in the part of Princess Pennikoff, a part which seems to suit her particularly well. Miss Clara Jecks deserves considerable praise for her spirited acting of Jessie.

#### THE ORCHID AND THE SCREW.

(With apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert.)

AN Orchid bloomed in a hothouse fair,  
The rarest of all rare specimens there;  
The gardener's pride and the owner's joy,  
Jealously shielded from all annoy.  
Yet I know not why, through a fancy strange,  
He would never with flowers his thoughts exchange;  
But, shunning the rest of the floral crew,  
He passed his time with a humble Screw.

A humble Screw!

In a manner invidious  
This fastidious

Flower from his mates withdrew;  
And made it his pleasure,  
In moments of leisure,  
To talk with a humble Screw.

The Screw had a twist in his character, but  
He still was possessed of a good hard nut;  
He was known as a capital hand at a fix,  
And those who attempted to play any tricks  
On him seldom or never had failed to learn,  
If the fact was unknown, that the worm would turn;  
And powers of great penetration, too,  
Were enjoyed, you must know, by this humble Screw.

This humble Screw!

His steel-hard, practical  
(Not tin-tactical)

Force of intelligence grew  
On the Orchid immensely,  
And made him intensely  
Believe in the humble Screw.

The Orchid, I ought to have mentioned at first,  
Was a flower with extravagant diffidence cursed.  
He had listened to talk from the wild Communist  
Till he even misdoubted his right to exist,  
And, by Radical menace and sneer overawed,  
Grew to look on himself as a kind of a fraud.  
"In a world like the one we are passing through  
Pray what," he would ask, "does an Orchid do?"

Ay! what does he do?

While toilers, and spinners,  
Are winning their dinners,  
And earning their screw—not you,  
I feel like those sillies,  
King Solomon's lilies,  
Who've 'never no work to do.'

The Screw tried hard to compose his friend  
By arguments such as he might comprehend,  
But exhausted the language of flowers in vain—  
The Orchid kept up the same pitiful strain.

He repeated the same self-disparaging talk,  
His head still despondently drooped on its stalk;  
And at times he was heard to cry gloomily, "Pooh!  
Has any one ransomed me? If so, who?"

Yes, if so, who?"

Such morbidly critical,  
Self-analytical

Questionings out he threw:

"If land owes handsome

Payment of ransom,

Why not an Orchid too?"

"You talk like a fool," said the Screw, with a sneer;  
"And you'd best not let Mr. C. overhear.  
Why you are not land, though land gave you birth,  
Any more than am I, though dug from the earth;  
And besides," he continued, in deep disgust,  
"Who on earth will pay ransom but those who must?"  
If the people came down upon C. for their due,  
He could pick all his orchids and pocket his screw.

He did pocket his screw.

Let landed proprietors  
Tremble at rioters,

Just as they constantly do;

The owners of chattels

Can laugh at such rattles

As Hyndman and George," said the Screw.

A light step fell on the hothouse floor,  
A slim form stood at the open door,  
And the Orchid knew that his every word  
Had been by his master overheard.  
Mr. C. approached with a frown and a smile,  
He plucked the Orchid at once, and while  
With the flower he decked his frock-coat new,  
He patted the well-turned head of the Screw,

Of the worthy Screw.

"Grossly sophistical,  
Quite Communistical,

Surely—that Orchid's view;

To measure rights properly

Seems our monopoly

Still, Does it not, dear Screw?"

#### REVIEWS.

##### CHINESE GORDON.\*

IT is not the least of the many misfortunes connected with the last year of General Gordon's existence that his admirable example must be lost on a very great proportion of English people. Quite apart from his genius as a soldier and an administrator, in which, of course, but few can ever hope to rival him, Gordon was a man of saintly life and of deep and humorous reflection. His original and earnest ideas—earnest, original, and numerous even when we set aside his mystic and sacred speculations—will be wasted, as the character of his manly philanthropy will be wasted, on persons naturally not incapable of appreciating and benefiting by all these things. The reason is not far to seek. Gordon died in consequence of the prolonged delay to send an expedition for his rescue. The person responsible for the delay was not, as certain partisans eagerly try to prove, Sir Charles Wilson. It may be true that Sir Charles Wilson could have reached Khartoum in time had he understood the desperate risks which Gordon was running. It may be true that, if the bullet, fired at a venture, had not struck Sir Herbert Stewart, Gordon would be living now. But for the waste of many months in sending out the expedition no soldier is responsible. It is Mr. Gladstone who is responsible. His military advisers concurred with the desire to start which was universal among all Englishmen, except, alas! the Englishmen to whom Mr. Gladstone is as a god, a benevolent, all-wise being, never to be thwarted nor hurried. It is the Englishmen who hold this pious belief that are cut off from gaining anything by the life and death of General Gordon. That life, in its latest months, and that death were inconvenient to Mr. Gladstone's Government, and therefore Gordon can never be forgiven.

This, unfortunately, is truth, and therefore we, for our part, may less regret, or not regret at all, the indignant irony which Mr. Hake employs, when he speaks of the persons who allowed his hero and kinsman to perish in Khartoum. It is not that Mr. Hake overstates the case against the Government as a rule. The suspicion expressed in the following passage, indeed, appears to us, with our present knowledge, sorely to need justification:—"It was notorious that the Government had been guilty of one of those blunders which are more criminal than crime; it was suspected, as I have said, that their action had not been involuntary, nor its consequences wholly unconsidered or unweighed." If this means that the Government deliberately put off taking measures for Gordon's rescue, in the belief that Khartoum and Gordon might fall unrelieved, and so give the Government an excuse for idly "accepting accomplished facts," we think the suspicion far too cruel. Such a calculation would amount to something un-

\* *The Story of Chinese Gordon.* By A. Egmont Hake. Vol. II. London: Remingtons. 1885.

comfortably like being accessories before the fact to a murder. No, we must believe the Government hoped for something less untoward to "turn up," hoped that Gordon would try to run away, or that the Mahdi would repent and be converted to the Coptic rite, or any event of that kind. To indulge in hopes thus vague and improbable seems characteristic of "the great leader who still happily"—or happy-go-luckily—"controls the destinies of the Empire." Thus we might regret Mr. Hake's tone in speaking of the Government, natural as is that tone, if we thought it would prevent Gladstonian readers from making themselves familiar with the life of Gordon. But Gladstonian readers, of the strictest sect at least, would not look into any Life of Gordon. He was in his last days an embarrassment to a Liberal Government; so he is judged, and Mr. Hake's opinions will frighten none of the orthodox away from a book into which the orthodox would never look. Mr. Hake goes so far as to say that the death of Gordon "forced the reflection that, had the English envoy been a Cavendish or a Leveson-Gower, he would never have been abandoned." Unhappily, if our Government's Egyptian policy has its victim in a Gordon, the fall of a Cavendish has not been spared to its fortunes in Ireland. Kilmainham, like Khartoum, had its sacrifice.

Mr. Hake's last volume contains as clear and connected an account of all the circumstances of the tragedy of the Soudan as we can at present hope to obtain. Perhaps when Gordon's diaries are published light may be thrown on events that now are dark enough. But to those who look backward it is already plain that, as Gordon would have said, these things were ordained. All matters that occurred after Gordon's first tenure of office, under Ismail, in the Soudan, seem to array themselves in an ordered march. The centre of the difficulty of Mr. Gladstone's Government with Gordon was that he perceived, and they would not or dared not perceive, how circumstances alter cases. When Gordon was first in the Soudan and Central Africa, the provinces were in the hands nominally of Egypt, an Oriental Power pretending to civilization. By self-interest and European pressure, the enlightened Ismail was induced to take measures against the slave-hunters. These men, of whom the notorious Zebehr was the most powerful, were very like Highland chiefs before the Forty-five, only much worse. Each of them had his "fighting tail" of kinsfolk, and, moreover, his drilled slaves, black soldiers, of considerable courage if well led, and good marksmen for Arabs. Instead of merely driving the cattle of their neighbours, as in the Highlands, these African chiefs drove the neighbours themselves, stole them, arranged them in caravans, and sold those who survived hunger, thirst, cruelty, and exhaustion. Gordon's own letters from Central Africa (edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. De La Rue: 1881) contain the best account of the Inferno into which these slavers converted the Soudan. The nominally civilized Egypt was the market for the slaves, and without the market slave-hunting would have ceased to be remunerative. It is absurd to suppose that any Orientals care about the wrongs of slavery. If Ismail sent Gordon to put down the slave-hunters, it was as much because any one of those potentates, like Zebehr, might become a great and threatening African power as to please European sentiment. Well, Gordon did his best, and it was a great deal. He broke the slavers' power for a while, and shot Zebehr's son while Zebehr was in honourable captivity in Cairo. That was what Gordon could do for a Government nominally civilized, which expressed a wish to bring its equatorial provinces into order and to put down the slave-trade. When Gordon was sent back to the Soudan, whether a newspaper sent him or whether the Government "out of its own head" thought the card worth playing, he found an entirely new set of circumstances. Mr. Gladstone's Government had broken Egypt like a reed at Tel-el-Kebir; it is their greatest military glory. The Soudanese had found out that the reed was broken, and that England would neither help Egypt to hold the Soudan nor prevent Egypt from efforts of her own that merely ended in massacre. Our Government then sent Gordon out "to consider and report upon the best means of evacuating" (that is, of withdrawing the Europeans and Egyptians from) "the Soudan." But our Government was determined to do no more than this, to get out the garrisons, and then to let the Soudan stew in its own juice. But Gordon soon discovered that, if the Soudan were left to stew, the juice would boil over, and scald Egypt; in fact, that a Mahdi justly struggling to be free would not stop at Khartoum, but would cause a revolt of Islam, reaching Egypt, and threatening to stir the whole Eastern Question. All this Gordon saw would happen if he scuttled out of Khartoum as soon as he possibly could, and helped the Europeans and the garrison to scuttle. Perhaps it was just possible that Gordon might have withdrawn in safety the people capable of leaving Khartoum. But the other garrisons we think it would have been impossible for him to withdraw. Understanding all the chaos that must follow him like a lava-flood if he left Khartoum in anarchy, he asked for Zebehr. Sir Evelyn Baring strongly backed Gordon in this matter. Gordon's argument, of course, was that, while Zebehr was ruinous to the Soudan on the earlier hypothesis that the Soudan was to be ruled by a civilized Power, averse to slavery: on the other hand Zebehr was indispensable to the Soudan on the new hypothesis that the Soudan was to be free, and to go its own way, after its own barbaric fashion. But the former view, that Egypt was to rule the Soudan, had been given up. The only alternative was Zebehr for the Soudan; Zebehr, or the Mahdi, and massacre, and the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep of Islam.

Mr. Gladstone's Government liked none of the alternatives. They have got the last. While Gordon and Baring, who understood the situation, pleaded with them on one side, Mr. Sturge and the Anti-Slavery Society and British Philistinism were at them on the other side, all full of deep exhaustive ignorance. Of course Mr. Sturge and ignorance won the day. We have not the heart to repeat the rest of the story. While Gordon was trying to make our Government see the results of pure and blissful "scuttle," the toils closed about him. He was either "hemmed in" or "surrounded," as Mr. Gladstone pleases. Then he was left to fate, in spite of all remonstrances, appeals, prayers, from soldiers—his companions in arms in the old days—from honourable women, from rich and poor. He was left to the mercies of that "something" which never "turns up," till even the Government was untrue to its protracted inaction, and sent—far too late—the expedition whose history we know, whose history is not ended. Mr. Gladstone is not out of the Soudan yet; we wish our troops were.

Mr. Hake's volume, we repeat, puts the whole narrative of the sorrow and shame that have come on us clearly and succinctly. Parts of the story, as he admits, cannot be explained. Gordon's proclamation of February 27, in which he says that he is compelled to resort to severe measures, and that British troops would reach Khartoum in a few days, remains an enigma. The diaries may unriddle the puzzle. Meanwhile it is not at the deserted and lonely soldier of Khartoum that we prefer to look, but at the contemplative administrator, a saint with humour, a stoic without conceit, who wrote the letters from Central Africa. As a man, as a friend of men, Gordon may be thought of without the bitterness that springs up when we consider the unready counsels, the worse than womanish weakness that procured his death. "Si quis piorum manibus locus, si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguntur magnæ animæ, placide quiescas, nosque ab infirmo desiderio et muliebribus lamentis ad contemplationem tuarum virtutum voces, quas neque lugeri, neque plangi fas est. . . . Quidquid ex illo amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, fama rerum."

#### SOME BOOKS ON FOOD AND COOKERY.\*

SINCE *The Chemistry of Common Life* showed the way, there have been many books on the scientific aspect of diet, and in accordance with that scientific law which men of science are not always the first to recognize they have usually had the defects of their quality. Great is science, but there are also some things in which science does not exactly show greatness. Give the most eminent chemist of this or any other age six square inches of a masterpiece of Sir Frederick Leighton's, and six square inches of a daub by Mr. Megilp Jr. (as they say in America), and your eminent chemist, using his eminent chemical methods, and sticking to them, will, provided Sir Frederick and Mr. Megilp Jr. have got their colours from the same shop, be absolutely unable to show any difference. This will make the eminent scientific man very angry, and he will not impossibly proceed to show that there is no difference between them. That is what the chemists of food and cookery too often do. Relying on the fact (which may or may not be a fact) that you can keep life in a human being by so many ounces of solid and so many of fluid per day, they are apt to proceed as if there were no other facts in the case. If we were to proceed on certain isolated expressions in Mr. Mattieu Williams's *Chemistry of Cookery*, we should pronounce him one of the worst of a bad lot. Other expressions show that he is not quite so bad as he looks; yet others that he is even worse than he looks. Unluckily the foolisher the expressions the more likely they are to be caught up. Mr. Williams is one of those emancipated thinkers whose emancipation takes the not very novel form of deciding that everything is as good as every other thing and a great deal better; the result of which, commercially applied for the last fifty years, has been that it is now very difficult to get certain good things at all. For instance, he takes two kinds of arrowroot, one "the highest priced Bermuda," the other "cheap Natal." He boils them, and tests them, and decides that, if there is any difference, it is only that the Bermuda is a little purer starch, and "starch is starch unless it be that best Bermuda sold at three shillings a pound is starch plus humbug." That some of the best Bermuda sold at three shillings a pound is starch plus humbug we have no more doubt than that some science is science plus the absence of taste. But that there is no difference perceivable by the palate between fine arrowroot and ordinary arrowroot we don't think, but know to be, false. The difference is not an affair of test-tubes, and therefore it escapes the Mr. Williamses of this world. After this sample we had but little doubt what we should find in Mr. Williams's chapter on wines. Mr. Williams is one of those very wise people who, having found that grape juice costs so much, argue that any wine merchant who charges so much more must be a cheat, or at least a forced humbug owing to the

\* *The Chemistry of Cookery*. By W. Mattieu Williams. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

*The Animal Food Resources of Different Nations*. By P. L. Simmonds. London: E. & F. N. Spon. 1885.

*Why not eat Insects?* By Vincent M. Holt. London: Field & Tuer. 1885.

*Dinners and Dishes*. By "Wanderer." London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1885.



folly of his customers. He has a story of a vintner, a friend of his own, whose best claret really cost twelve shillings a dozen, but who, being a humane man, was obliged to charge fifty-four shillings to make his silly customers choose the good liquor. He produces with great flourish the fact that he has drunk wine which he liked in South Italy at a halfpenny or a penny the tumbler. And he talks about the pure wines still sold in France at low prices, while manufactured wine is still sent to England at high ones. Now any one who, instead of relying on test-tubes, relies on his own palate and stomach, knows perfectly well that no wine-merchant is at all likely to sell him twice Château Fuchsine for Château Latour, or Château Rauzan, or Château Palmer, or Château anything genuine. And any one who understands the principles of commerce knows that it will not pay a wine-merchant who has, and intends to keep, a sound business to aim at a *clientèle* who will not buy wine of him twice. Of course in buying wine, as in everything else, fools are fooled; but it hardly needs a scientific treatise to tell us that. Indeed, nothing more need be said to illustrate Mr. Williams's authority on wine than to mention that he quotes as his initial test of the value of wine what he pays at "osterias in Sicily and Calabria." Does Mr. Williams really think that average Sicilian or Calabrese wine of the country will travel at all? that, if he bought a hoghead of his sixpence-a-gallon "rich, pure wine," brought it to England, bottled it, and kept it, it would be even drinkable? If he does think so, he may know a great deal about chemistry, but he knows nothing about wine. Persons living or sojourning in wine countries can, of course, get excellent tipples of its kind for very little money. But when they are in England, they must take the consequences of their situation; and, for our part, one of the consequences which we decline to take is drinking the sort of stuff that Mr. Williams, test-tube in hand, declares to be equal to "the fancy wines that are venerated by superstitious people." We have said enough to show that on points of taste Mr. Williams is good for little. On points of science he appears to be sound, and the difference between bulged and contracted tins of meat is very well explained by him. On tinned meat the man of science is a very fair authority.

Mr. Simmonds's *Animal Food Resources* is, to a certain extent, of the same class, but less pretentious and therefore more valuable. It is a sort of reasoned catalogue of fish, flesh, and fowl, diversified with anecdotes, enriched with statistics (though some people class statistics as rather dry than rich), and classed scientifically. It seems that in some former treatment of the subject Mr. Simmonds omitted the dietetic history of the Bimana, for which he has been reproached. He has supplied it here, with the disadvantage of making us feel rather ill. Although the advice will doubtless seem to Mr. Simmonds to illustrate the fable about the old man and the ass, we should strongly advise him to take this chapter out again. After it is finished there is nothing more to object to, though we confess that we have always doubted the propriety of eating monkeys. Mr. Simmonds does not help in the solution of Alice's great crux, "Do cats eat bats?" But he shows that men do. Then we have a really valuable first-hand receipt for cooking hedgehogs which a gipsy woman gave to Mr. Simmonds. It appears that the traditional clay-pie has disappeared from Rommany cookery, and has been succeeded by a much more artificial method. That bear is good most people know, but it is not so notorious that the retiring badger is nearly his equal as a delicacy. Cats, dogs, lions, foxes, and such small deer are old stories, and the introduction of "canning" has enabled even stay-at-home Englishmen to appreciate the excellence of kangaroo. But we perceive that if we were to go steadily through Mr. Simmonds's catalogue we should altogether exceed our space. He mentions a fact about horse as food which it is not lawful to repeat, but which is certainly against hippophagy. We notice, by the way, that Mr. Simmonds derives the term "turtle boucané" from buccaneer. But it is surely the other way, unless both the dictionaries and probability are wrong. The buccaneers were so called from their adoption of the Carib fashion of grilling or jerking turtle, beef, and other foods. Crocodile is, it seems, as Mr. Brummel said of hare, "coarse food." Awful stories are told of the American frog (is it a jumping one?), which will weigh as much as nine pounds, and can therefore give the celebrated Jersey *crapaud* lumps of weight. Let it also be noticed that Mr. Simmonds quotes various statements which make up what may be called an apology for locusts—not the sickly vegetable, but the real flying insect. In fact, it is not very easy to open his book anywhere without coming on something amusing, and indirectly he introduces a certain amount of culinary information as well as information about the raw material.

Mr. Holt's plaintively titled pamphlet *Why not eat Insects?* connects itself well enough with Mr. Simmonds's inquiries into the eating of insects. Mr. Holt is sure that grasshoppers are delicious, caterpillars exquisite, and things with still more unpleasant aspects and names quite as good as shrimps or oysters. Perhaps—but unluckily there are the unpleasant aspects and names. Besides, in his specimen *menus* Mr. Holt seems to confine the use of his pets chiefly to sauces and garnishes for more recognized viands. The insect is apparently not a strong enough tub to stand upon his own bottom.

*Wanderer's Dinners and Dishes* is a very different book. It consists of reprinted newspaper articles, and, like all books so consisting, is subject to the charge of some desultoriness and some "padding." Its principles, however, are very sound; and in the midst of its talkes-talkes there are occasionally given very ex-

cellent and by no means common receipts. The following, for instance, may be recommended, after trial, very heartily:—

Stone a dozen olives. Prepare a small quantity of spinach, which of course must be passed through a sieve when boiled, and then warmed up again with butter and a little stock, so otherwise it will make capital mortar for building purposes, but will not be spinach. Get a dozen round sippets ready; cover each of them with a layer of spinach, and place an olive in the middle of it; squeeze a drop of lemon-juice on the olive, and pepper slightly.

That is a model receipt, because it is simple and at the same time excellent. There are others nearly as good and equally original; though we know a better rough-and-ready way of cooking rabbits than that given on p. 151. Less generous than "Wanderer," however, we shall not tell it, or rather we shall keep it for our own little book on cookery which is coming out at Latter Lammas in a leap year which does not divide by four. On some points, though very few, we are at issue with "Wanderer." One is his adoption of the stock French fallacy that condiments, and especially salt, ought not to be added or to require addition after a dish has left the cook's hands. This is one of the numerous Gallic prejudices which are quite as absurd in their way as English ones. But his counsel on salad-making (not the ingredients, but the actual manner of making) is excellent, and we thank him cordially and without reserve for his remarks on rhubarb. The descriptions of various European dinners are not unamusing, though a little "magazine," to use a word of reproach the meaning of which is not understood of the general public, but which is very well known to freemen of the Corporation of the Goosequill. But one pardons a great deal when one finds that "Wanderer" has the sense to lay down "macaroni is essentially a savoury dish." He is also very sound on risotto, but is far too hard on his countrymen in declaring it to be "absolutely unknown in England." It is quite a familiar dish in some very unpretentious and untravelled households which boast of uncontaminated English blood. We only wish he had gone further, and extended the above excellent generalization as to macaroni to rice likewise. It has always struck us as one of the oddest crazes of English cookery that the farinaceous foods which both chemically and in taste require "savories" to be mixed with and made of them usually receive instead the *fade* and in-nutritious seasoning which makes them into "sweets."

#### WOMEN OF EUROPE.\*

MRS. NAPIER HIGGINS declares that the historians of the world have been guilty of flagrant injustice. "Women," she tells us, "form one half of the human race," and the statement certainly does not put the case too strongly. Nevertheless, "they are all but ignored in general history. When historians mention a great or a good woman they do so because they cannot help it; as a matter of choice they write only of those whose characters are disreputable, for their shortcomings do not proceed from carelessness or ignorance, but are the fruit of an evil and corrupt nature. History has thus hitherto had 'a detrimental influence on morals,' and has encouraged 'a low and unjust estimate of women.'" The two volumes before us are an instalment of an attempt to correct these evils. They contain the lives of divers great ladies of Germany and of the Northern nations of Europe who lived in the fifteenth century, for though part of Mrs. Higgins's complaint against other historical writers is that for the most part they take notice only of women of exalted rank, she has been forced to follow their example by the lack of materials for the lives of women of a lower station. Much of her work will be new to a large number of English readers, not, we venture to believe, because our historians have wilfully concealed the virtues of her heroines, but because they have not treated the portions of history to which their lives belong. It does not, however, concern us to defend the historians of this or other countries from the attacks of Mrs. Higgins. Some may have sacrificed the sacred cause of woman's rights to a foolish prejudice for preserving the distinction between history and biography, and others may have shrunk from attempting to make bricks without straw. Be this as it may, it is not with them we have to do. It is enough for us to inquire how far Mrs. Higgins has shown them a more excellent way. Now it certainly appears to us that no work of this kind has any reasonable excuse for its existence unless it is readable. In a book that enters into the causes of events or traces the rise and development of political institutions much heaviness may be forgiven. A record of personal details must be pleasantly written if it is to find readers. How pleasant and how profitable such records may be made has been shown long ago by Mrs. Everett Green, to whose *Lives of the Princesses* Mrs. Higgins acknowledges herself largely indebted for the materials for her biography of Philippa, Queen of Eric of Denmark, the daughter of Henry IV. It would have been well if Mrs. Green's example had been followed in these volumes, if in each biography only those facts had been told us that bear directly on the life of the heroine. This probably would have reduced the book to one volume, and would have made it by so much more useful and more interesting. The fact is that about some of Mrs. Higgins's heroines there is very little to say, and that she takes a great many pages to say it in. When she has been lucky enough to light on a subject whose life has been recorded at any length her narrative is

\* *Women of Europe in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.* By Mrs. Napier Higgins. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1885.

less wearisome, and in her *Life of Margaret of Denmark*, with which she begins her work, she is decidedly at her best. It is a pity that she does not see that when ladies have scarcely left a trace of their existence, it is provoking to be called upon to waste time over them. Of such, even by her biographer's admission, is Katharine, the wife of Charles Knutsson of Sweden; indeed, all that seems to be known about her is that she had good looks, small hands, and pleasant manners, and that she was the mother of nine or ten children. As these children were all born within her eleven years of married life, we quite agree in the apologetic remark that "it was hardly to be expected of her that she should be famous for anything else." While, however, we do not murmur at the fruitful Queen, we fail to see why we should have to wade through eight closely-printed pages to learn so little about her. These pages for the most part are taken up with the events of a short period of her husband's life, told in too scrappy a fashion to be of use or interest. But as the actions of insignificant kings have been chronicled, Mrs. Higgins protests that insignificant queens should not be neglected. She forgets that, if a king had for eleven years been absorbed by domestic duties, the consequences of his seclusion would certainly have made his reign more worth remembering than the life of poor Queen Katharine. Even when materials for biography are not wanting, Mrs. Higgins is apt to expand her work so freely that she puts her proper heroine wholly into the background. Much space, too, is devoted to vain conjectures. May we not believe that a mother opposed her daughter's marriage? We do not know. Did not Wenzel go to Munich to fetch his bride? We cannot tell. A certain appointment is made by Wenzel and ratified by his Queen Sophia; "she may afterwards have regretted yielding out of obedience or affection." Moreover, almost every biography contains such a vast number of details that have little or nothing to do with the subject, that the reader may be excused if he sometimes has to look to the heading of the page to remind himself whose life he is supposed to be studying.

Nevertheless, though these volumes will not be read without much weariness, they are evidently the fruit of no small amount of good work. As to their accuracy, it is by no means easy to speak decidedly; for, though Mrs. Higgins deals with several out-of-the-way portions of history, she has not considered it necessary to give any particular references to her authorities, and simply notes at the end of each volume the books she has consulted. As far, however, as we have tested her work we have found it careful and accurate. In her *Life of Margaret of Denmark* the events which led to the union of the three Scandinavian kingdoms are minutely treated, the policy of the cession of Schleswig to the Holstein Counts is discussed, and a full, though somewhat confused, account is given of the relations between the Queen and the Hanseatic League. In assigning, on the authority of Pontanus, the overthrow of Albert of Sweden at Falköping to St. Matthew's day, September 21, Mrs. Higgins appears to have overlooked the statement of an apparently contemporary writer (Langebek vi. 535), who fixes the date as St. Matthias's day, February 24, 1389. In revenge for certain insults the King had put on her, Margaret mocked her captive by making him wear women's clothes; and, according to the rhyming chronicle:—"A cap she set upon his head that had full fifteen ells in breadth, the peak was nineteen good ells long" (i. 31); that she also caused him to be tortured there certainly seems some reason to doubt. The protection Margaret afforded to the peasants opens up some questions which might well have been followed out more fully, especially with reference to certain curious notices of massacres in 1387. Following Dahlmann, Mrs. Higgins points out that there is a fair ground for doubting the story that the heroic Philippa of Lancaster died in consequence of the personal violence of her wretched husband, Eric, the heir and successor of Margaret. The biography of Ingegerd contains an account of the convent of Wadstena, where she was abbess. This famous house, founded by St. Bridget, the aunt of Ingegerd, contained, in separate buildings, brethren as well as sisters, and is especially interesting to us as the mother of the nunnery of Sion, founded at Isleworth by Henry V. Of Ingegerd herself but little seems known. Brought up with Margaret, afterwards Queen, she was "whipped with the same rod, and that very often." This stern discipline, which certainly did not soften Margaret's temper, seems to have done little good to her fellow-sufferer, for almost the only other thing we know of Ingegerd is that Boniface IX. issued a commission to inquire into certain charges made against her as abbess, though, by the way, Mrs. Higgins tries, not we think very successfully, to show that she was falsely accused. In the *Lives of the daughters of Lewis the Great*, the question of the exact relations between Hedwig and William of Austria is settled as far probably as is possible considering the conflict of evidence. As regards Hedwig's elder sister Mary of Hungary Mrs. Higgins seems scarcely able to make up her mind as to whether she lived happily with Sigismund, or as to the amount of authority she exercised in her paternal kingdom. Sigismund's second wife, Barbara of Cilly, is an unusually puzzling person. There is certainly fair ground for believing that the accusations brought against her by Æneas Sylvius are grossly exaggerated, and that she has been called the Messalina of Germany unjustly. Her sympathy with the Calixtines made churchmen look on her with dislike, nor was Æneas Sylvius by any means an unprejudiced judge where the house of Cilly was concerned. Guided by Palacky, Mrs. Higgins sets aside as "mere court gossip" the assertion that Barbara, during the last illness of her husband,

offered her hand to the youthful Wladislas of Poland. The story, however, rests on other authority besides that of Æneas Sylvius; it is pretty certain that Sigismund believed it, and we cannot agree in considering that it is inherently improbable. Under the title "*Margaret of Schwangau*" we have the tale of the loves and adventures of the warrior-poet Oswald of Wolkenstein, sometimes called the last of the Minnesingers. This chapter is certainly not without interest, though it loses much by having no central figure; for the chief place is taken sometimes by Oswald, sometimes by Sabina Jäger, the lady who took a cruel revenge on him for his desertion of her, and sometimes by Oswald's wife Margaret. Except for its extreme heaviness, there is little to complain of in Mrs. Higgins's style; she should mark by the way that "a romanesque story"—whatever the term may mean—is not the equivalent of a romance (ii. 134, 292). From these few notices it will, we hope, be gathered that the volumes before us contain a good deal of valuable historical work. Although we venture to think that Mrs. Higgins is more inclined to trust herself to the guidance of modern historians than to form an independent judgment from the study of the original authorities she enumerates in her lists, it is evident that she has not accepted statements without to some extent examining the grounds on which they are made. Her work, indeed, is in many respects too good for the guise in which she presents it to her readers. If she is determined to go on with this series of biographies instead of attempting a piece of general history, we hope that in her future volumes she will try to remember that in writing a biography above all things it is necessary to keep her subject constantly before her own mind and the minds of her readers, that she will give references in foot-notes, and will not quote and balance the opinions of others so freely in her text; and, lastly, that she will drop the idea that she has a mission to vindicate the position of women. Such a notion is enough to spoil any book of history or biography.

#### MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES.\*

THE announcement of a second bundle of *Reminiscences* by Mr. Mozley was news which needed no trumpeting to be attractive, and yet the bill of fare was very different from that of the first series. What was now promised was not lordly Oxford in the agonies of a supremely interesting crisis, but "chiefly Towns, Villages, and Schools," the commonplaces of provincial English life. There may be much surface resemblance of literary form between the two publications; but this only serves to accentuate the difference in the quality of the contents. The earlier book appealed to general curiosity by the revelations which it offered of the inner lives of men whose names and fame belong to the world—Newman pre-eminently, then Hawkins, and so forth. The later publication invites our sympathetic interest by the lengthy and self-satisfied particularity with which it lingers over and plays with the characters and fortunes of obscure and stupid persons. This would promise a dull book in the hands of a matter of fact chronicler; but with Mr. Mozley the individual is always made the type of the class, and the class is used to represent its age. So, like Jane Austen, of whom he is constantly reminding us, he creates the picture of the epoch by the conscientious delineation of those who most faithfully, because most conventionally, represent an average condition of society which happened to be far gone from heroic excellence.

Interesting as these varied experiences of an age already passed away may be, the author of the *Reminiscences* remains more interesting than his book. That which used to be a very open secret has now, by the confession contained in a passage of the present volume, become no secret at all, and no violation of etiquette is involved in the acknowledgment that for many of the most valuable years of his life Mr. Mozley's continuous occupation was that of diurnal monitor, censor, instructor, and critic in the quarter where the daily press exercises its most unquestioned supremacy. The rôle which he filled in that character was certainly that of the fagelman of progress. But all this time, if we judge by these volumes, Mr. Mozley the clergyman and Mr. Mozley the man was the intellectual representative of old-fashioned opinions as homely in their sentiment as they were acute in their intellectual manifestation, and held with a rare tenacity, for which, if a name were demanded for them, we could only suggest Toryism, though Toryism no doubt of an independent and eccentric type, and very intolerant of all jobs. There was no conscious inconsistency in these differing attitudes; each seemed to follow naturally from the surroundings with which he found himself environed, and to each of them Mr. Mozley yielded himself, as he had previously done to the *British Critic*, with a cheerful wholeheartedness which enables the great daily teacher to confess to the profound dislike that stirred him with the honest feelings of an earnest country parson against Mr. Forster's Education Act. In fact, that which in most men of activity is a merit had in Mr. Mozley's case almost assumed the dimensions of a fault. He could so readily and so completely identify himself with his occupation as often to risk obliterating, and not merely keeping under, his personality. Another strain, no doubt, is also mingled in Mr. Mozley's curiously compounded character. The tone of the whole book is that of one whose mission is to proclaim the excellence of

\* *Reminiscences chiefly of Towns, Villages, and Schools.* By the R. V. T. Mozley, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1885.



unsystem. In his theology, in his ideal of clerical life, in the judgments he passes on State education, in the daily censures in which consistency was the quality least expected and least desired, the rule of thumb asserts its power as the influence which guides the writer's predilections. We do not, of course, adhere to this somewhat peculiar method of viewing things. But we confess to feelings about it which are kindly and sympathetic; and in this age of ruthless professors recklessly riding over innocent loungers on the back of iron-bound systems we welcome the healthy counteracting rebellion of a genial lawlessness when it comes recommended by Mr. Mozley's eccentric genius; and of which indeed this book, with its extraordinary arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, of subjects, its violent transitions and its contempt for chronological sequence, is the example no less than the teacher. On one point, indeed, the writer's liberty degenerates into license, where Mr. Mozley indulges in the same caprice in his second series, as to the detriment of the composition he gave rein to in his first, although now in an even more aggressive form—as he inflates his second volume in disregard of the connexion of topics with wanton and provocative heckling of the most abstruse and mysterious doctrines of theology. This is quite inexcusable; for, totally irrespective of the importance of his theories, he drags in the consideration of them so roughly and pugnaciously as to make it impossible that any feeling should be raised except perplexity and distress. We do not suppose that Mr. Mozley would answer to an appeal based upon the little wisdom shown in a procedure which can only diminish the number of his interested readers. But we will ask him if he would have spared St. Athanasius, supposing that divine to have fancied recommending the doctrines which he considered so important by writing a jaunty book of reminiscences of his episcopate in which he sandwiched theological bursts with sketches of Arius, criticisms on Constantine, and pictures of street scenes in the Alexandria of his youth.

Mr. Mozley's earliest youth was spent at Gainsborough, "the most foreign looking town I have known in England. The red fluted tiles, the yellow ochre doorsteps, the green outside shutters, the frequent appearance of the jawbones of whales utilized for garden gateposts, and, above all, the masts and spars suddenly appearing high above corn-fields, took one quite out of everyday England." But when he was still young his parents moved away to Derby as a more commanding centre of business. The contrast is graphically presented by a series of delicate touches between the ancient and solid, but stationary, if not somewhat decaying, importance of Gainsborough such as it was when Mr. Mozley's father, a country publisher of old-fashioned renown, deserted it for a wider field, and Derby, which was even then preparing itself for those more brilliant prospects which are in store for the place on which the nineteenth century has shone propitiously. The history of the great fight gallantly fought by Mr. Mozley, senior, over a scandalous appropriation of pews in the church of St. Werburgh, Derby, of which he was churchwarden, is excellently told, while to readers trained in modern notions of the excellence of free sittings it sounds like some grotesque legend of mediæval diablerie. At length the time came when Mr. Mozley had to go to school at the Charterhouse, and he was introduced to London such as it appeared in 1820. In those days, as he looks back upon the metropolis with retrospective eyes, "There was a most wonderful mixture of the picturesque, the mean, the quaint, the vulgar, and the busy"; "there was a certain provincial element making itself everywhere heard and seen. Wherever one went, even in the most central part and in the busiest thoroughfares, one had only to look up a passage, perhaps the merest footway, and one saw what looked like a carrier's yard or the curtilage of a country inn." After all, is not this contrast between front and back streets very much the case at present, notably in that part of London which lies between Oxford Street and Piccadilly? "In 1820 there were not many panes of glass in London larger than a sheet of foolscap." Then shops were nothing "like so showy as now. The art of shop-fronts had hardly been discovered." "There was gas, but only in a narrow area," and in 1820 there were still over many offices large handsome paintings of a yacht or a smack carrying an immense quantity of canvas on a lively sea—namely, the Leith packet. The General Post Office was "hard to be found in a narrow winding passage between the Old Royal Exchange and Lombard Street," and "there was about an acre of waterworks with machinery in motion at the foot of London Bridge—on the London side." "Wooden water pipes were universal, and when a plug was opened there often came out eels, as I have witnessed; east and west, north and south, wherever a blank wall gave the opportunity, immense posters invited small speculators to purchase lottery tickets from Bish or some other agent." There was not yet a club to be seen anywhere, and "Hyde Park was hidden behind a high brick wall, with here and there a closed door all the way from Piccadilly to Kensington." Then there were no policemen, only superannuated watchmen, nor were there any, indeed, till 1829, when Sir Robert Peel, as Home Secretary, faced much obloquy to introduce the force which still by the familiar name of "bobby" preserves its founder's name. In 1820 Mr. Mozley saw six men hanging together at Newgate, and he was on another occasion much struck by the spectacle of a man in the pillory—"a large door, on a low platform, revolved round a perpendicular central axis; on one face of the door you could discern with difficulty a head and a pair of hands; when the other face of the door came there was a body without head or hands." We believe, however, that Mr. Mozley is

in error in supposing that this was the last exhibition of the pillory, which was for a short time revived to punish an infamous offence. Mr. Mozley is mistaken when he says "that the first improvement on the hackney coach and pair was the cabriolet, an open-hooded one-horse vehicle, with an outside wing, if I remember, for the driver." Totally unable as we are to rival Mr. Mozley in the respect due to length of years, we can still cherish a dim remembrance of having been driven in a cabriolet of more hoar antiquity than the one fashioned with an outside wing—simply a big cabriolet, in which driver and fare squeezed together, as best they could, inside the vehicle. The outside wing soon followed, and roused the admiration due to such a flight of inventive civilization. Those who desire to know what this was like will find it in H. B.'s Sketches, where the well-known Lord Sefton of those days is depicted as a caddy of the time. With the advent of the four-wheeler and of the Hansom earlier forms of cab are far more completely lost in black antiquity than the war chariots of the Assyrians. We can only make a passing reference to the potato middleman who feasted Mr. Mozley with home-fed pork, home-grown vegetables, home-baked bread, home-made butter, and home-brewed beer, and proudly displayed his cows, pigs, poultry, and ducks, all in an oasis of osiers and pollard willows, in Bermondsey, with "nothing really to remind one of the metropolis," all now lost and forgotten among huge warehouses.

Mr. Mozley's reminiscences of the Charterhouse, and its great Head-master, Russell, whom we remember a quiet Canon at Canterbury, are full, graphic, and interesting, but they do not bear abridging. The chapters of the book which are devoted to his two livings of Morton Pinckney and Cholderton are particularly distinguished by Mr. Mozley's especial gift of threshing out subtle and curious results from unpromising and apparently commonplace materials. Mr. Mozley's ideal of the country parson is drawn on lines which do not exactly correspond with the demands which the present day has learned to make upon the clergy; but it is one that is marked with much self-denying carefulness and a continual sense of responsibility, as well as a minute appreciation of matters large and small as they are, resulting in a plain-spoken dissection of the temptations, the backslidings, and the merits of rich and poor alike as they act and react upon each other. The result is a mass of information worthy of the attention of all who make a study of the practical work of the pastorate. Mr. Mozley's experiences of curates in temporary charge are grimly suggestive:—"I feel warranted in saying that any incumbent who starts for his six weeks' holiday, leaving his parish in strange hands, does so at great risk. Nor is it the downright 'black sheep' he has most to beware of; the white sheep may be quite as bad, as far as the spiritual interests of the parish are concerned." Of course the emphasis lies on the word "strange" and the danger signal is run up at not merely a substitute, but a stranger substitute—while a very trenchant epitome follows of the classes of curate whose allurements should be avoided. On the other hand, there are, according to Mr. Mozley's bold contempt for system, certain curates in charge whose advent is a positive advantage, when it delivers the parish from the too continual residence of the parson, as to which the clergyman, thirsting after a licence of non-residence, is bidden to follow his own conscience, with the proviso that it be not a raw conscience—a good rule if it were but possible to judge for oneself of such transcendental cookery.

Before we leave off we must not forget to notice that Mr. Mozley commences these Reminiscences with dexterously putting his readers in a good humour by a confession which, under a thin veil of humorous apology, is in fact a defence and an explanation of the various blunders in spelling, the massacre of Sir William Palmer, and such errors, which marked the first series; and then he has the reckless audacity to fly off to a visit at Powderham Castle, where, according to him, the honours were done, not by the host's daughter, Lady Agnes Wood, but by a mythical Lady Anne. Let us hope that the compunction with which he must be visited when the discovery of this fresh slip dawns upon him may bear fruit in a third series of Reminiscences.

#### HISTOIRE DE LA MUSIQUE.\*

TO write the history of any art is a task of considerable magnitude, but perhaps a history of music, to be of any value, may rank as the *opus magnum* of him who undertakes it. M. Félix Clément, whose researches in what may be called mediæval music are well known and justly esteemed, is certainly well qualified from that point of view to speak with authority on the subject, and as he possesses a facile pen, and is singularly free from the pedantry which is the bane of antiquarians, his book we may at once say is a pleasing and suggestive volume. There are so many qualities necessary in a historian of this, perhaps the most emotional of all arts, that it would seem almost hopeless to expect to find them united in one person, and therefore it is no harsh criticism on our part when we say that M. Clément in one or two instances is found wanting. It would appear from what our author says in his preface that in France hitherto, not only amongst amateurs, but also musicians, there is a lamentable ignorance of the history of the art of music, and he attributes this ignorance to the fact that

\* *Histoire de la Musique*. Par Félix Clément. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.

a difficulty exists of finding collected in a single volume the necessary and essential knowledge. To remedy this defect M. Clément has given us a volume, not of the handiest or most portable size, but still a volume containing facts and criticism, more or less essential to the history of music, as well as other matter which might, some would think, have been left to be treated of in another volume, under a different title. For, although it may be true that dancing is so closely associated with music that some mention of it should be made in a history of music, we cannot say we think that it should be allowed any great prominence in such a work. M. Clément, however, devotes a good deal more space to the ballet than he does to other more important divisions of the subject. As we have said before, the antiquarian portion of his work is that which will be most valued by those who intend to make a serious study of it, because we cannot help feeling that the author speaks as one in authority, commendably divesting himself of all party feeling (perhaps party feeling can hardly show itself in discussing the musical systems of the Hebrews, Arabs, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans), treats his facts in a philosophical manner, and even invests the dried bones of ancient music with some human interest. Nor does his philosophical calmness of judgment forsake him when he treats of the music of the Middle Ages, and patiently explains the mysteries of the neumes and other complicated systems of notation, while on the head of plain chant he almost makes us wish we could share his enthusiasm for Gregorians and such kind of music. From this point onwards, however, M. Clément declares himself a partisan, and his wrath increases as he approaches the more modern developments of musical art, and bursts with a crash, somewhat like stage-thunder, on the devoted head of what he calls "l'école néo-allemande." We are rather puzzled to define exactly the time when this school first comes into existence from what M. Clément tells us; but he makes it tolerably clear that it owes its origin to musicians living in Dresden, Weimar, Leipzig, and Munich, while he indicates the time by saying that Berlin was saved from the vicious theories of this school owing to the successive influence of Spontini and Meyerbeer. Operatic music, it would appear, reached its zenith point with Spontini and Meyerbeer, and since those days "Les Symphonistes," as our author somewhat sneeringly calls them, and the Wagnerites have been doing all they could to destroy true art, and demoralize the taste of the rising generation. Who then, it may be asked, were these scourges who forced *le caractère germanique* (dread influence) on musical art? Naturally it will be answered that M. Clément points to Richard Wagner and his followers in the development of the so-called music of the future; but this is not so, for, as we read on, we find that our author, feeling doubtless that he has not sufficiently marked the time at which the birth of these heterodox ideas first became a fact, tells us that it was in the school of Abbé Vogler—who, by the bye, was Meyerbeer's master—that this hateful heresy arose. But why stop at Abbé Vogler, a respectable ecclesiastical gentleman much esteemed in his time as, perhaps, the foremost of theoretical musicians, and certainly not then considered to be a reformer, much less a musical heretic? Why not go back to Gluck, as the Wagnerians themselves are inclined to do, whose reform of the opera must have been tolerably startling to the critics of his day, or even to the latter half of the sixteenth century, as another writer on this subject does, and signalize Jacopo Peri as the father of the neo-German theories? But this would not suit M. Clément at all. Gluck, in the first place, according to our author, was a French musician, and no Frenchman, always excepting the over-indulged Berlioz, must be included in these censures; and, as for Peri, what would become of the title *néo-allemande*, and could we expect M. Clément to give up such an inspiring party cry as that? Had M. Clément confined his strictures to the Wagnerian school, we doubt not he might have made out a case; but he has not done this. He has included all the German musicians since the time when Beethoven began to give a distinct national character to their music, and forsook Italian influence. The list of these would be too long to enumerate; but it contains such names as Weber, the Abbé's favourite pupil, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, none of whom, except perhaps the first, as far as we can see, give any evidence in their works of sympathy with Wagner's theories, and the last of whom is a well-known opponent of them. Enough, they are Germans, and therefore neo-Germans. These are the musicians who are responsible for all the mischief which has resulted in the elaboration, in M. Clément's words, of "la théorie nouvelle qui pèse d'un poids si lourd sur le développement et le véritable progrès de l'art musical; théorie," he goes on, warming to his work, "destructive de toute expansion du sentiment, qui arrête l'imagination dans son vol, brise la tradition et ne produit que des œuvres prétentieuses, obscures, qui ne vivent pas par elles-mêmes, étant dénuées de pensées, de conception réelle, mais qui s'imposent par des affirmations audacieuses, des dehors pompeux et le plus orgueilleux dédain de tout ce qui a illustré jusqu'ici l'art musical." M. Clément is an advocate of the nationalization of musical art, and his remarks upon the subject, especially with reference to the French opera, prove him to be a most uncompromising opponent of everything which is not strictly French. From 1671 to 1774, he pleads with a sigh, no opera in French was represented whose composer was not a Frenchman, with the exception of *Devin du Village*, which was written in collaboration with "un musicien lyonnais," by the Genevan citizen J.-J. Rousseau. Since that time, however, judging by the list presented by our author, French operas have been repre-

sented which were written by men of all nations except the French, and this is an unpardonable misdemeanour in his eyes. "What have we gained," he exclaims, in substance, "by this weak-kneed cosmopolitanism which only serves to repress the national character and destroy all patriotism? Let us imitate the ancient Athenians, who well understood the great truth that all strangers were barbarians, and therefore unworthy of serious attention in matters artistic." This is a state of mind which we would recommend the serious historian of music not to assume, lest it should lead him into errors which would render him ludicrous in the eyes of the greater part of mankind who are not exclusively French; but M. Clément's book is clearly written for a French public, and we trust this sort of "gush" (we have no other word that so well defines this sort of writing) will satisfy the demand that it is evidently intended to supply. Our author's appreciation of the works of the greatest masters, such as Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, is always qualified by the fact that they were not Frenchmen. Funnily enough he claims Gluck, certainly a very solid German, as a French musician, and then proceeds to sing eulogies on works which, if M. Clément had been in existence at the time when they were written, he would, we do not hesitate to say, have been foremost in denouncing as subversive of everything which was valuable in art and destructive of the then Italian school. Interesting as M. Clément's volume is, and entertaining in its singularly Gallican ideas, there is one great blot which may, we venture to say, be easily remedied, and which will enhance its value as a work of reference if remedied. A work of this kind is next to valueless without a very complete index, and this our author has failed to supply. The scanty table des matières, table des gravures, and résumé nominal are but poor and inefficient substitutes for a general index, especially as the résumé gives no references to the pages in the volume to which it is attached. With this improvement M. Clément's *Histoire de la Musique*, from the French point of view, may be found a tolerably useful and entertaining book.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS (DOMESTIC), 1657-58.\*

ELEVEN months are again the whole extent of the period comprised in Mrs. Green's new volume, which, we observe, makes its appearance with the novel *imprimatur* of the Home Secretary. So far as its contents are concerned, the sanction of the First Lord of the Admiralty would have been more to the point, since about 180 pages are filled with the abstracts of navy papers. From the point of view of the Treasury and the public purse it is, therefore, perhaps not altogether unfortunate that Mrs. Green is with measured speed approaching the reign of a sovereign who let the navy go to rack and ruin, although, according to his laureate, he was so fond of the water as to be found afloat in St. James's Park even

when winter raves,  
With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.

Appropriately enough, one of the most memorable events recorded in this volume is the death of Blake, the very ideal of an English sailor. About June 1657 he is reported "dead or soundly knocked"; but he lived till August 7 (O.S.), when he breathed his last on board his ship the *St. George* (*Puritanice*, of course, the *George*) as she was entering Plymouth Sound:—

Captain Clarke says he was very desirous to be ashore, and if God saw it good to add some days to his life for settling of his estate, but his course was finished, and his memorial shall be blessed. As he lived, so he continued to the death, faithful. The Lord grant that a supply of his great loss may be made up for the good of his poor people.

This prayer cannot be said to have been uncalled for from the writer, either as a patriotic sea-captain or as a good servant of the Government. The Lord Protector, as Cromwell now styled himself, had not many men of high mark on whom, where the service of the State was concerned, he could rely as he could on Blake. Lambert's refusal to take the oath, and consequent resignation of his commission, is the theme of repeated comment in the earlier part of this volume; afterwards we find him, together with Sir Arthur Haselrigge, pointedly insulting the Protector and his new House of Lords by appearing "in the Lower House, though summoned to the other, without ever waiting on his Highness to excuse it." Far more doubtful was—or was believed to be—the attitude at this time of Monk, concerning whom the reports of friends and foes of the existing Government were full of contradictory rumours. In April 1658 Sir Edward Nicholas is supplied from one source with the following far from decided intelligence:—

The French say that Cromwell having ordered Monk to come for England, Monk replied that Cromwell might come to him if he had anything to say to him. Others say that had Monk intended any such thing, he would not have lately parted with 6,000 soldiers to Cromwell.

A month later another correspondent writes from Brussels that "the Lord Chancellor's confidence about Monk is vain, and now laid aside." On the whole, it does not appear that at this early date there existed any better grounds for the hopes rested upon the commander of the Scottish army than the wish which is

\* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1657-58.* Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of H.M. Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: 1884.



father to the thought. In a very remarkable letter written about the middle of March by Secretary Thurloe to Lockhart, then ambassador at Paris, reference is made to the "lying report" about Monk's refusal to obey the Protector's order; but its truth is denied with what the French call "conviction," if perhaps with an amount of warmth suggesting just the possibility of uneasiness.

To a certain extent, the degree of favour for which the remodelled Protectorate could hope from persons of position in the country was tested by the experiment of Cromwell's House of Lords itself. For a large amount of easy contemptuous comment he was no doubt prepared. In the common room at Queen's College, Oxford, Mr. Hum. Robinson was probably not alone in making small account of this House of Lords ("for so they call themselves"). The royal Court at Bruges could not but be hugely diverted by a description of some of the new peers, "among whom a brother of Father Goff's and Huson the shoemaker, who may bear his preludary weapons, Sir Hugh's bones and an awl, for the worthy ensigns of this the new nobility." But the "composure" of the House, as the facetious inditer of these jests calls it, was certainly suggestive of grave reflections. Not more than eleven peers had rallied to the new order of things, although nearly nine years had passed since royal government and the House of Lords had been voted useless and dangerous in England. A very considerable drain had accordingly to be made upon the resources of the Lower House, where, as Mrs. Green reminds us, Oliver Cromwell from this very circumstance henceforth numbered fewer staunch adherents. There are signs in this volume that the Protector was at least supposed to be ready to conciliate the goodwill of noble families whenever an opportunity presented itself. Neither General Monk nor Cardinal Mazarin scrupled about asking his favourable consideration of hard cases involving the interests of persons of noble birth. On the other hand, he was not without some difficulty prevailed upon to show himself lenient towards the incalculable but not uncalculating Duke of Buckingham, who, when wooing Fairfax's daughter with the design of getting back with her part of his estates, professed anxiety to be reconciled to the *de facto* Government. Information of no very definite import incriminating the Duke had been supplied to the Government by their spy Bamfield; and, as he had been excepted from the general pardon as guilty of high treason, a warrant was soon out against him. But before this he had secured the lady's hand, her father having with great alacrity thrown over her earlier suitor, Lord Chesterfield, in the Duke's favour; and, after the latter had escaped to France, his father-in-law had influence enough to obtain for him his liberty on bail. The story, so far as it goes, forms no very pleasant chapter in the biography of Fairfax, in which, however, there are other and graver unreconciled dissonances. The dissatisfaction which the establishment of the House of Lords created in the House of Commons has been already adverted to; but the speedy dissolution of Parliament in 1658, after a fortnight's session, was due, as Mrs. Green reminds us, to a graver difficulty than even the question as to the existence of two Houses. It cut short discussion on the very claim which had sixteen years before provoked the outbreak of the Civil War—namely, that of the command of the Militia.

Cromwell and his Government, although the "Humble Petition and Advice" seemed to have established it on a more solid and durable basis, had many other troubles besides those caused by the conduct of the House of Commons; and there can be little doubt but that his health at this time was beginning to prove unequal to the strain. In September 1657 a despatch from Thurloe to Lockhart reports the Protector in need of change of air; and early in the following March circumstantial accounts are sent to Nicholas of most promising symptoms of a speedy collapse. About the earlier of these dates his eldest son Richard met with a severe accident when hunting in the New Forest, "that fatal place to the sons of our princes," as the ingenious Hum. Robinson cannot refrain from remarking; and about the later, his recently married daughter Frances lost her young husband, and thus was severed one of the very few ties between the ruler of the land and its great families. The news spread abroad in January, that his second son Henry, the Lord Deputy, had been stabbed to death with a knife in Ireland, proved a lying rumour. Of public difficulties the want of money was still one of the most pressing, and even this was brought very directly home to the head of the State, or at least to his household. But of greater importance was the grievous lack of cash for the needs of the public services—for the clothing of soldiers and the wages of sailors, and for the very pensions on which the sick and wounded seamen subsisted. For this last purpose it was suggested that hands should be laid on the materials of Rochester Cathedral, which had been allowed to fall into a ruinous condition; but, though even the Council considered itself entitled to arrange for the use of cathedrals as it thought fit (so, for instance, in the case of Wells, which at the desire of the inhabitants of the town was made over to them as a parish church), an Act of Parliament was thought necessary for the secularization of church property. Inasmuch, however, as Parliament did not sit long enough to pass the Bill or Bills in question, one of the least beautiful of our cathedrals survived a season of eminent peril, and a curious addition to the already curious history of Rochester charities was avoided. Besides the current expenses of the State, the Government was responsible for the Public Faith Bills, as they were called, which were presented by persons from whom sums had been borrowed by the Parliament as far back as the end of 1642. These securities had hitherto been dealt with

by a process which was called "doubling" upon them, and which consisted of obtaining from the lender a sum of the same amount as that previously borrowed, and then assigning to him confiscated lands to the full amount of the double loan. Frauds had naturally enough been frequent, and measures for the prevention of these are recorded at some length in this volume. The Protectorate was not the first or the last Government that has been hampered by the recklessness of its predecessors; but it seems to have possessed no financial genius of its own, though it was anxious to effect a saving by the "new coining invention" of M. Blondeau, who was made free for the purpose of Mr. Abr. Brown's rooms in Drury House.

In the religious history of these months there is not much calling for special notice. There was, of course, nothing surprising in the fact that among the persons seized in April 1658 on the suspicion of being connected with the invasion plot there were divers Presbyterians of note. "It is said that his Majesty now ploughs with these heifers"; and he finally included them to some purpose in the team which gained him the prize. Mrs. Green finds in the papers concluded in her present volume evidence corroborative of the current, and no doubt substantially correct, view that Oliver's Government was tolerant except to Popery and Prelacy. But, inasmuch as it was considered "prelatical" to use the words of the Book of Common Prayer in the services of the Church, and expressly forbidden to do so either in public or in private, the range of freedom was evidently not very wide in one direction. In the opposite direction, as some entries in this volume tend to show, there is reason to doubt whether the assumption that the Quakers were only persecuted because they, so to speak, put themselves in the way of persecution, be altogether correct. On the other hand, this Calendar volume helps to confirm the impression that in its endeavour to secure for the nation a really devout and efficient religious ministry the Protectorate Government was both sincere and thorough.

Materials for an instructive and at the same time most entertaining narrative of the "antecedents" of the happy Restoration are fast accumulating in these records. In the present series the Court of the Royal exile appears in a condition of collapse, all but consummated, though King Charles II. himself still smiles darkly through the clouds. He was wise enough to repair a breach which had begun to open between himself and his brother, the Duke of York; but he found it less easy to content his humbler followers. Republican satire, if it was aware of the heartburnings at Brussels, Bruges, and Paris, could hardly have discovered any more promising theme. When several new peerages had been bestowed by the King, the creations gave offence to his mother "at the Palais Royal," as being "too general." Sir George Lane shows himself extremely punctilious concerning the terminology employed in a series of warrants for appointments, as when the clerk of Parliament had been called by Secretary Nicholas "clerk of our Upper House of Parliament," instead of "clerk of our Parliaments in the Upper House." Of the actual officers of State and household of King Charles II. at the close of the year 1657, this volume contains a list, drawn up at the request of Don John of Austria, the Governor-General of the Spanish Netherlands. As a matter of course there was a chronic supply of applications for offices to be filled up at once, or at the Restoration; and it was no doubt easier to satisfy the Royal coachman who in the latter event asked for the keeping of Preston pastures, county Bucks, near to which he was born, than to meet the claim of the flowery fencing-master who had taught the Royal princes and their courtiers for eight months or so, and found himself at the end "34 patacoons" short of his dues. Besides many other difficulties, the ill-concealed coldness of Don John of Austria towards the exiles helped to render their plight embarrassing, not to mention such broils among themselves as that caused by Sir James Hamilton's drunken wrath against the Chancellor. It appears to have been Hyde's fate, all but *semper et ubique*, to be an unpopular man; even with the ladies he neglected the right way, if we are thus to interpret young Sir Gilbert Talbot's memorandum—"The Lord Chancellor came not abroad till yesterday, lest the ladies might have taken him out to dance." In general, the condition of the cavaliers who had followed their Sovereign's fortunes might well seem desperate; and the expedients to which, if the Crisp case summarized by Mrs. Green may really be regarded as typical, they at times resorted for filling their pockets, deserve an even grosser name. In a word, after procuring a Royal Commission, they kidnapped persons in England, and after conveying them to Flanders, detained them in captivity till large sums of money had been paid by way of ransom. The only consideration which can be urged in extenuation of this system of licensed brigandage is the extent to which, as several examples occurring in this volume show, the system of specially releasing individual prisoners, largely, of course, by way of exchange, entered into the conditions of ordinary warfare. It is instructive enough to read of the various circumstances and suppositions on which the friends of the King based the hopes of his speedy return. Now, it was the dissensions in the Protector's Council; now, the Protector's and Secretary Thurloe's illness (of which, since he opened such letters as he thought worth while to open, the Secretary would not fail to have early particulars); at another time a mutiny of nine regiments; and, again, Cromwell's generally "bad posture, as well for want of money as the general discontent," and the hopes presently placed on Monk. But, as is known, the invasion designed for the early part of the year 1658 was postponed; and no revenge was taken for the capture of Mardyke by the French and English in

the previous autumn, which had caused the emigrants at Bruges to "hang down their heads."

Among the other passages of interest which we have noted in this volume, we will only direct attention to one or two bearing upon University life. Even in those dark days, it is pleasant to read that a visitor could put on record that "for the 2 days I was at Oxford, I seemed in an enchanted country." The materials for an account of academical affairs during the Puritan period are scanty, and any substantial addition to them would be peculiarly welcome. A reference in the volume before us to Lazarus Seaman, who supplanted Cosin as Master of Peterhouse, and, as it here appears, took possession of his predecessor's library *pro domo*, reminds us that the Puritan head's diary, of the contents of which little is known, still remains unpublished. But, thanks especially to Mr. Williamson of Queen's, the Oxford intelligence in this volume is full of really curious matter; such as the annulment of a whole set of fellowship elections at All Souls, and the petition in favour of the maintenance of the Civil Law. This petition was (or would have been but for the dissolution) strongly urged upon the attention of the new House of Lords by the desire of the Chancellor of the University, "Lord Richard Cromwell." Richard seems to have been desirous of doing his duty by his office; and there is a letter calendared in this volume from Dr. Wilkins of Wadham, instructing the Chancellor's secretary in academical epistolary etiquette. It will be remembered how slightly etiquette was honoured in the "Mandat" of the Chancellor's father to the sister University cited by Carlyle—"That Benjamin Rogers be made Bachelor of Music." We presume, by the way, that "Addison, with his one eye," irreverently mentioned in an amusing Oxford letter, dated December 14th, 1657, is Lancelot, the father of Joseph. But we must conclude, and do so by noting two editorial slips of different kinds, though of an equally transparent nature. On p. 261 a correspondent of Secretary Nicholas's reports to him, according to Mrs. Green, that "Richard Cromwell has kept very close in Whitehall since his being made Protector." Unless the writer calls Richard Protector proleptically, because he had been named his father's successor, the word must be a *lapsus calami* for "member of the Council." The editress has herself made this clear by a passage in her preface, p. xlvii. At the close of this preface she, with a touch of *hauteur*, sends readers in search of "literary entries," or such like small matters, to the index, or to "the volume itself." Both in the index and at p. 253 they have a chance of having their breath taken away by the combination "Herman and Dorothea," who in the "volume" figure as characters from *Don Quixote*. To be sure, Dorothea's *esposo* in the book is Fernando = Hernan; but, except in the Catechism, *n* or *m* may sometimes make all the difference.

#### SOME NOVELS.\*

"IS any man worth a woman's unselfish love? Ten thousand times no!" says the author of *A Dead Past*. Here we strike the key-note of that novel, and it is certainly a low one; but, for all that, the book is not worthless. The picture which it presents of English society is not a flattering one; the life it describes is fast life; and it would be impossible to say that it "instructs while it entertains"; but it is very amusing; many of the scenes are admirable; the pathos and humour are distributed and balanced with great skill; and the book is about as harmless as a Society novel can be. The story is free from the violent scenes—such as murders, suicides, robberies, and fatal accidents—which spoil three-fourths of the novels that are written; yet there is no want of incident, the plot is interesting enough, and the book is never dull. The heroine is a young lady who goes by the name of Kitten, and there is considerable originality in the character. Early in the story she is a girl of sixteen, living in the country with her old and widowed father, who is a naturalist of world-wide reputation. The description of this weird but beautiful child in her cottage home, with its old-fashioned garden, is far above the average work of the modern novelist, and it makes a good prelude to the "Society life" that is to follow. The even tenor of the story soon becomes disturbed by the quickening into sudden life of woman's love in the hitherto innocent child; but, while this is described with strength, it is without coarseness. The girl's first meeting with her old playmate and boy-lover, after the spark of real love has been kindled, is one of the best scenes in the book.

The problem of the story is "What ought a wife to do when she finds that her husband loves another woman much better than herself?" The author gives an answer to this question which is not altogether devoid of reason. "A wife," she says, "fills a place in a man's life which no other woman can do"; for reasons which she enumerates at some length and considerable force, consequently, although "he may continue to worship the idol of his inner soul," "to his ceaseless pain and sorrow," the husband will at the same time "cling to his wife; if she is present he will

be glad to be with her, and, if she is absent, he will crave for her." A very pretty theory, and we only wish that it were exemplified by all naughty husbands. We must admit that there is some force, if not truth, in what follows. A wife, she tells us, should not throw up the game because all her cards are not trumps, "for sooner or later the wife wins the day; but she must make up her mind to one thing at once; she will never be to him what the first best love might have been, but she will be to him something else more lasting and more substantial." In order to prove the evil consequences of a contrary line of action, the author makes one of her leading characters run away from her husband and hide herself, and a very bad time of it the poor creature then has; but her misadventures work up into a pretty story, and her youth was perhaps sufficient excuse for her silly conduct.

The greater part of the story runs so freely, that it is a pity it should ever be strained. In the beginning of the second volume, a widow, who has only just lost her husband in India, rushes to England to look for and claim the lover of her girlhood, after seeing nothing of him for ten or eleven years, in a manner that does much to injure a capital novel. Although it may be impossible to set a limit to the unreasonableness of some women—or men either, for that matter—the widow overstrains unreasonableness itself; for on one of the earliest pages, when she had just married, she had asked her why, instead of marrying, she had not waited until he could marry her, and she replied, "What was there to wait for?" "To wait for you longer would have been rank madness." And yet, when her husband was dead, and she had not seen the hero for more than ten years, she was angry at finding that he had married instead of waiting for her. "Why did you not wait?" she asked. "What made you false to me?" It cannot be denied that such a thing as this might possibly happen in real life, but in our opinion it is rather questionable in fiction. A professional beauty is one of the most prominent characters. She lived in a tiny house in Mayfair, while her husband spent most of his time shooting, in distant lands, and in her *bijou* palace she gave "cosy little free-and-easy entertainments," at which men were allowed to "smoke into the small hours" and "to talk as they pleased." The chief business of her life was "that unequal fight" "which is ever going on between the married woman and the girl who wants to be married." An account is given of the manner in which a certain young earl spent a winter's afternoon at her house. "At two o'clock he came to lunch, at three they had coffee, at three-thirty he began his cigar" in his hostess's drawing-room, and at four-thirty he was still "stretching his tall length at ease in one of Gertrude's armchairs, and talking gossip and scandal with her over the fire." Then the footman brought tea, and after more gossip and more stretching in armchairs, the pair separated to meet again at a dinner which my lord was to give at the Continental, followed by a box at a theatre. The unexpected, unwelcome, but comic appearance upon the scene of the professional beauty's husband relieves without spoiling the most tragic part of the novel, and the incident is introduced at exactly the right moment. It was certainly rather clumsy to make him tell an utter stranger, in a railway carriage, that he was on his way to a watering-place to look for his wife and "find out what the d— she" was "doing there," and some of the best of the fun is left to the reader's imagination, but the position of things is irresistibly amusing. We began our review of this novel with a quotation about woman's love. We will end it with one about dog's love. "Dumas, in common with the rest of the canine species, loved totally irrespective of the sins and failings of the adored object. That is the great beauty of a dog's love."

*Nature's Nursing* is a good novel, but we have two bones to pick with Lady Gertrude Stock. First, why does she make us grow fond of her characters only to see them slain before our eyes? A little quiet killing is all very well, but here we have a regular human shambles; and the worst of it is that it is impossible to help being interested in the victims. Secondly, why does she describe her painful scenes with so much force and give us so many of them? If they were morbid or vulgar, as painful scenes in fiction usually are, we should have the satisfaction of turning them into ridicule, but as it is, we can only protest against having our tender feelings harrowed so often. And yet *Nature's Nursing* is an amusing novel. In spite of all the slaughter and painful scenes, there is a great deal of fun in it, and the author evidently has a keen sense of humour. It is the more wonderful that the book should be amusing, since in addition to the killings and the agonies there is a good deal about religion in it; not that it can be called a religious novel; but, a sincere Roman Catholic herself, the author describes life as she knows it. To prove that the novel is not written solely with a view to the glorification of the Church of Rome, we may mention that one of the leading Catholic characters runs away from her husband, and is divorced; that the Catholic heroine ends by marrying a Protestant, and that nobody joins the Church of Rome. Nor need anybody be afraid lest the book should contain "insidious popery." When the author writes of religious matters, she does so without the least hesitation or casuistry. For instance, when alluding to Lourdes, she describes apparitions and miracles with as much freedom and openness as if she were writing a letter to a nun. Moreover, she speaks in a very charitable spirit of the death of a man, who, far from being a co-religionist of her own, at the very hour of death confessed himself unable to believe in what would generally be called the most elementary truths of Christianity.

In the first volume there are pretty descriptions of life in

\* *A Dead Past*. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1885.

*Nature's Nursing*. By Lady Gertrude Stock. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

*Straight as a Die*. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.



Brittany. The uncomfortable village inn, the arrival of the diligence, the curé, the laundress, the village boys, the dogs, and other details are all drawn with truth and spirit. Again, in the account of the life at a French château, it is clear that the author knows a good deal of what she is writing about. The picture, too, of the French village church, with its crowd of worshippers all joining in singing their cantiques, is excellent; nor is it drawn with too highly coloured a pencil, for the savour of tobacco and garlic, the curiously adorned altar, and the grotesque images are described as honestly as the devotion of the congregation and other things which, as a Catholic, the author admired. And here she takes the opportunity of having a slap at the system of appropriated sittings which prevails in so many "fashionable churches, whether Catholic or Protestant, of the United Kingdom." One of the most amusing parts of the novel is where the Catholic heroine, a girl of about sixteen, is suddenly transferred from Brittany to the home in Scotland of her grandfather and his sister, who are Presbyterians of the very strictest sect. The long family prayers on the morning after her arrival naturally astonished her not a little, and "she was inexpressibly bored by this new style of worship." And yet no unkind fun is made of the devotions of the "unco' guid." Indeed, both the grandfather and the grand-aunt are represented as estimable people, and the latter at last accompanies her niece to Brittany, when her situation is almost as entertaining as was that of her niece in Scotland. The stern old Presbyterian becomes so far mollified that she even admits a certain sister of charity to be a "pleasing young woman." The accounts of the assembling of the Papal Zouaves in Rome, and of the battle of Mentana, will be read with very different feelings by people of different creeds and politics; but even those who may regard them as Quixotic can scarcely deny that they are at least evidences of a chivalrous spirit none too common in the nineteenth century.

*Straight as a Die* is a story of a forced marriage. The heroine had engaged herself to an old playfellow; but under the influence of the moral torture exercised by her mother, she threw over her lover and promised to marry an odious, purse-proud snob whom she hated. The chapters giving the conversations between the mother and daughter concerning this transaction are cleverly written. The mother's trump card was to enter her daughter's room in the middle of the night and tell her a bundle of lies about her health. She was, she said, suffering from a serious disease, and her doctors had assured her that her only hope of life lay in getting the best of nourishment and in enjoying every luxury. If, therefore, her cruel daughter refused the rich man's offer, she would be signing her mother's death-warrant. A few chapters later we have the daughter formally engaged to the rich snob, yet pillowing her tired head on the broad shoulder of the lover that she had thrown over, "and their lips met in one long passionate and despairing kiss," "whilst his strong arms stole round her waist." After this she married the object of her hate, and the object of her affections went to the Rocky Mountains; but some time afterwards he reappeared upon the scene, when "a sudden, surging flood of despair overtook him, and with two hasty strides he was at her side, clasping her convulsively to his heart, and pressing fierce kisses on her trembling lips." By a singular coincidence her husband opened the door at that exact moment. Then the faithful swain, "with sparkling, anger-flashing eyes," "lifted his arm on high, and, swinging his cane in the air, brought it down with tremendous force on" the shoulder of the unlucky husband. Thus are the wicked punished by the noble-minded admirers of their wives. Shortly afterwards her husband, in an advanced stage of inebriation, was driving his coach home from Hurlingham. "At last there seemed a chance, and a very good one, of something happening." "The other ladies began to shriek," but his wife "never uttered a sound. It was not fear that filled her thoughts, but hope." But her dear husband was not to be taken from her quite so soon as she wished. When at least a consoling telegram arrived announcing that a fatal accident had removed the partner of her joys and sorrows, and its contents had been communicated to her, she feelingly observed, "I cannot feel very sorry," while the lover of her childhood said piously, "It is God's doing!" And so, as we are told in the concluding sentence of the novel, "the reward had come at last, as, in some shape or other, it generally does to all those who battle nobly and courageously with the ills of life." Surely it must be a holy, a wholesome, and a consoling thought to every married man, that some old flame of his wife's may be nobly and courageously waiting for his decease, and in the meantime battling, with fierce kisses, whenever he can get the opportunity, against the ills of life.

#### TWO BOOKS ABOUT ASTRONOMY.\*

OF the making of many books on elementary astronomy there seems to be no end. Of the two before us, however, the one called *Among the Stars* is distinguished from all others we have come across by being quite the most elementary. By means of a simple story a good deal of information about the "heavenly bodies" is conveyed in a form which, we should imagine, is likely to penetrate even the mind of a small child. Those who have

had to do with examining in elementary science know well how accurately the performances of the examinees illustrate the inimitable lines:—

But though they wrote it all by rote,  
They did not write it right.

The first of these lines explains the second. All our methods of elementary instruction seem to be founded on the assumption—probably true—that the only mental faculty which children possess, to any appreciable extent, is that of memory. But, then, they seem to us to err in proceeding on the further assumption that memory is the only faculty that it is worth while trying to develop in a child. And so elementary books on astronomy generally consist of little else than the results, at which ages of close observation and ingenious and laborious induction have arrived, stated dogmatically as facts; and this is the characteristic of the latter part of the little book before us. We suppose this is inevitable. A child can be made to understand clearly results which are interesting in themselves, at an age when the reasonings and methods by which they have been obtained are far beyond his grasp. And the information is no doubt worth having for its own sake, and the acquiring of it is as good an exercise for the memory as any other. But still the smallest exercise of the reasoning faculty is worth any amount of mere memory. Take a child to the shore, and show him a vessel hull down at sea; let him watch how, as he climbs the cliff, the vessel seems to climb over the horizon towards him; or take him into the open air on a clear night, at intervals of a couple of hours, and let him see how the stars have shifted with respect to the trees, and how the pole star has remained stationary; and then—though he will have learned no more results than that the surface of the earth is convex and not flat, and that the apparent vault of heaven seems to rotate about an axis passing through the pole star—he will yet have mastered more of astronomy than if he had learned off by heart all the results of astronomical investigation which are stated dogmatically in any of our elementary text-books. Of course such teaching cannot be conveyed by books alone; but books may be written so as to fit in with such a method of instruction, and to suggest the simple observations which the teacher should induce his pupil to make.

It is this little book's chief claim to recommendation that to some extent it actually does this in the earlier chapters. The observed facts are there pointed out and described before the theories that colligate them; and this is the right historical and philosophical order; but it is precisely the inverse of the one generally adopted in text-books. For the most part these facts and theories are accurately stated and explained. There are, however, a few inaccuracies which ought to be pointed out. The statements as to the distances and rates of movement of some of the stars are far too confident;  $\alpha$  Centauri is the only star whose parallax can be said to have been even approximately measured; and it is extremely doubtful whether some of those whose distances are given in this book have displayed even a trace of parallax. As to their rates of movement, we do not know whence the numbers stated have been taken; but from some of them one would gather that they have been obtained by Dr. Huggins's method, which of course only gives the rate of movement measured in the direction of the observer, and omits altogether that movement which is to be ascertained by the most obvious method of all—that of comparing observations of the apparent position of a star at different times; and the statement on page 139 that "we know of no star with more rapid movement than Arcturus" suggests that the author has never heard of 1830 Groombridge. These, however, are mere misstatements which can be easily corrected and leave no evil effects behind them. But, in dealing with the conceptions of any branch of science, the writer of elementary text-books should be possessed by the ever-present consciousness that it is far easier to learn than to unlearn; and that a haziness of expression, or an attempt to explain by loose and inaccurate analogy, may sometimes breed in the mind of the beginner confusions which may prove ineradicable. The book we are considering is fairly free from such loose analogies; still it steers dangerously near them sometimes. We object altogether to such expressions, for instance, as "the mighty furnace fires of sun and stars" (p. 141), "the outer burning envelope of the sun" (p. 207), or the statement that "meteorites that fall to earth catch fire in their rush through our atmosphere" (p. 182); there is no reason why a beginner should have the notions of combustion and incandescence confused in his mind at the outset of his studies. We feel a similar objection to such expressions as "the sun's power of attraction becomes less, and therefore less speed is needed to overcome that attraction" (p. 237), or "at this distance eight miles a second is speed enough to balance the sun's attraction" (p. 241). Such modes of expression suggest the old stumbling-blocks of "centrifugal force," and the notion that matter resists force. A child cannot be too early led to see that matter, whether at rest or in motion, no more "resists" force than a cup of tea "resists" sweetness, as Professor Clerk Maxwell used to say—that the change in its motion will always be precisely proportional to the force applied. Lastly, there are two or three places in the book where the idea is put before the learner "that often we must believe where we cannot see or understand." We must allow that the author seems in these places to be referring to matters outside the province of exact science, and with such matters we are not concerned here; but in so far as it is intended that this statement should have any reference to the work of a science student, we

\* *Among the Stars*. By Agnes Giberne. London: Seeley & Co. 1885.  
*The Universe of Suns, and other Science Gleanings*. By Richard A. Proctor. London: Chatto & Windus.

must say that no more dangerous notion can possibly be put into the mind of a beginner.

The other book we have before us is another collection of Mr. Proctor's papers on scientific subjects. We wish that, in republishing his articles in a permanent form, Mr. Proctor would arrange and select them better. He might give us an interesting collection on Stellar Astronomy, and another on Solar Physics, and so on, instead of reprinting all his papers as soon as he has enough to form a volume. As it is, we have here an aggregation of stray papers, whose subjects range from "The Great Nebula in Argo" to "The Influence of Food on Civilization," and from "The Pyramid of Cheops" to "Flying Machines," constituting what ill-natured and profane persons might be tempted to call, in Cromwell's language, "an ungodly jumble."

The first and longest article in the book, on "the Universe of Suns," is in our opinion also the most interesting and valuable. It commences with a sketch of the history of the growth of ideas as to the distribution of the stars, tracing it from the days when men believed in a rotating celestial sphere on which the stars were fixed, through the systems of Copernicus, who merely set the sphere at rest; Galileo, whose work ultimately did away with the sphere itself; Kepler, who pointed out how the Copernican system required the distances of the stars to be far greater than had previously been supposed; Huyghens, who first clearly enunciated that the stars are suns, scattered throughout space, at vastly different distances from the solar system; Thomas Wright of Durham, who seems to have been the first to attempt to form a complete system of the universe, and whose ideas contained the germ of the "grindstone" theory; Kant, who held that Sirius dominates the stars of the galaxy, much as the sun dominates the planets, and who followed Wright in believing that the galaxy is only one of several similar systems separated from one another by distances probably greater than their own dimensions; Lambert, whose system more resembled that of Kant than any other, but who speculated that a central sun dominates each cluster of stars; Michell, who supposed that "those stars which are surrounded with nebulae are probably only very great stars, which upon account of their superior magnitude are singly visible, whilst the others which compose the remaining parts of the same system are so small as to escape our sight"; to the work of Sir William Herschel, to which the greater part of the article is devoted.

The work of Sir William Herschel has been less understood, and his theories have been more misrepresented than those of any other scientific investigator; and Mr. Proctor has done good service in explaining what those theories are. It is one of the things not popularly known, or only popularly known through Mr. Proctor's works, that there were three distinct stages in the progress of Herschel's ideas as to the distribution of the stars. The first is typically represented by the views put forward in his paper of 1785; the second, by those put forward in the paper of 1814; and the third, by those contained in the papers published in and after 1817. We shall consider each of these in turn. In a preliminary paper, published in 1784, Herschel pointed out that the Milky Way must be regarded as the projection of our stellar system on the celestial sphere; but the first definite statement of the results at which he arrived is given in the paper of 1785. Here he shows that if the stars were originally nearly evenly distributed throughout space, the laws of attraction would cause them to group themselves in five forms:—(1) When one star is much larger than the neighbouring ones they will form a globular cluster round it. (2) When several large stars are near together, those round them will form a cluster varying in shape according to the distribution of the large stars. (3) Clusters of the last two forms may arrange themselves in trails of various shapes. (4) Two neighbouring clusters may approach towards their common centre of gravity. (5) Great vacancies will be left in space by the withdrawal of stars to form the clusters described in the previous forms. Herschel then considers the stability of these clusters, and goes on to show how the aggregation of the stars would appear to an observer immersed in a group of clusters of the form (3). Applying this to the case of an observer on the earth, by his well-known method of "gauges," he arrives at something like the theory that is popularly associated with his name. But it is important to notice that, even in 1785, he did not suppose the stars to be uniformly distributed, or that "our universe" is of the simple form of a "cloven grindstone"; for he describes it as "a very extensive branching compound congeries of many millions of stars"—though he distinctly contemplates some of the nebulae he observed as star-systems altogether outside ours.

In the papers of 1789 and 1796, Herschel seems to be preparing for a change of view, by insisting more clearly than before on the variety of structure within our star system; and in 1802 he distinctly states that his ideas had undergone a change. "I am now convinced," he writes, "by a long inspection and continual examination of it, that the Milky Way itself consists of stars very differently scattered from those which are immediately about us"; and he clearly indicates that he regards the stars composing the Milky Way as the more closely clustered. In this same paper Herschel first suggests that some of the nebulae are not clusters of stars, but are composed of some substance possessing "the quality of self-luminous milky nebulosity." In the paper of 1811 he puts forward the celebrated theory that the stars have been condensed out of nebulous matter; and in the paper of 1814 he shows the bearing of this theory on the arrangement

of the stellar universe. He points out that wreaths and masses of nebulous matter appear to be associated with distinct stars or groups of stars; that the stars in the Milky Way seem to group themselves more or less into globular clusters; and thus it is implied that the old method of "gauges" is inapplicable; the Milky Way is composed of trails of stars and clusters, and its shape and dimensions cannot be ascertained. That Herschel had rejected his former method of "gauges," and therefore the results obtained by it, admits of no doubt; for he writes in this paper, nine-and-twenty years after he first published those results, "I am still engaged in a series of observations for ascertaining a scale whereby the extent of the universe, so far as it is possible for us to penetrate into space, may be fathomed." This sentence is a monument of his wonderful energy, for when he wrote it he was in his seventy-sixth year.

In the papers of 1817 and 1818 Herschel returned to the attempt to find the distance from the observer of the edge of our star system in different directions, and hence to ascertain its shape. He rejected the old method of "gauges," which was based on the numbers of the stars seen in different directions, and now, as Mr. Proctor says, "took as the basis of his researches the quantity of light received from individual stars and from star groupings of various orders, and endeavoured to infer thence the actual profundity of the celestial depths." But he does not seem to have noticed that the very same objections which led him in 1802 and 1811 to reject the theory of 1785 may be urged against this, his final method. Mr. Proctor thinks he sees in these last papers evidence of failing powers in the great astronomer, and points out that it would be strange if such indications did not exist, seeing that Herschel was close on eighty years of age. However this may be, we now know, from sources which were not open to Herschel, that the light-giving powers of different stars differ so much as to indicate a difference in kind rather than degree; and there can be little doubt that the results of these last papers cannot be relied on.

Mr. Proctor then goes on to criticize, as we think rightly, the strange combination of Herschel's first and last methods adopted by William Struve; and, after thus refuting Herschel and Struve, he proceeds to contrast with their methods what he somewhat sententiously calls "the plan on which I have proceeded." The plan in question amounts practically to this—that, where the apparent areas, in any one part of the sky, occupied by clustered stars and nebulous matter respectively, are continuous, whether coinciding with or excluding each other, there the stars and nebulous matter form one system within one continuous region of space; where the apparent areas are not continuous, the stars and nebulae occupy different regions of space. This method is, no doubt, a fair and reasonable one as far as it goes, though it would seem to us not very likely to reveal much as to the form of the stellar universe.

Of the other articles in the book we have not space to speak in detail. There is one more on stellar astronomy, four on solar physics, four on the planets, and four on earthquakes. The historical parts of these are specially valuable, and we may single out the account of Dr. Huggins's method of photographing the solar corona as particularly interesting. But besides these there is a jumble of short articles most of which might just as well have been omitted. One of them, on "The Pyramid of Cheops," vaguely repeats some of the considerations which are much better advanced in Mr. Proctor's own book on the subject, which has been already noticed in the pages of this *Review*. Since that book was published Mr. Flinders Petrie's great work on the subject has appeared, and an article which makes no reference to that work should not have been reprinted unaltered, particularly as some of Mr. Petrie's observations strikingly confirm Mr. Proctor's theory.

The only other article we care to notice is the one on "Dream-Space," which is the fanciful name Mr. Proctor gives to the mathematical conception of space of higher dimensions than the third. The contention of this rhetorical and dogmatic article can be summed up in one of its sentences:—"Mathematics in its prime, the mathematics of Newton and Lagrange and Laplace, advanced our knowledge like the mental work of a man in his prime; mathematics dealing with imaginary nonentities is like the unintelligible fancies of a dreaming dotard who has been learned and profound, but in his old age lets idle imaginations take possession of him." It sounds strange to hear "the mathematics of Newton" spoken of as if it were the same sort of thing as that of Lagrange and Laplace. But even in Newton's day a similar prejudice was felt against fractional indices; and long before his time the consideration of minus quantities in algebra was thought illogical and absurd. And Mr. Proctor must surely be aware that "the square root of minus one," which we should have thought might be described as "an imaginary nonentity" as fairly as the fourth dimension, was not unknown in the mathematics of Lagrange and Laplace. To those who are so little acquainted with these subjects as to accept Mr. Proctor's statements without question, if any such there be among the readers of this *Review*, we would point out that a greater man than Mr. Proctor once thought he had refuted Berkeley by kicking a stone; and his reasoning was not likely to be less convincing than Mr. Proctor's.



## FLY-FISHING IN MAINE LAKES.\*

DOUBTLESS this pleasant little book is perfectly intelligible to the sportsman of Boston, for whom it was originally written; but now that it has made its way across the Atlantic, we think the British public may reasonably complain of the absence of a glossary. It is, of course, a matter of general knowledge that the American tongue, as pronounced in Boston, differs in quite a perceptible degree both in tone and cadence from the English of the old country. It is also pretty generally known that there are American forms of speech as well as of pronunciation—forms which, be it understood, are deliberately and of set purpose cultivated by fastidious Bostonians, not because they do not know any better, not because they are unaware that with us a different rule prevails, or are wanting in the imitative faculty, but simply by way of a constantly renewed Declaration of Independence. All this is common knowledge; but we are confident that a large proportion of the readers of this book will be surprised to find how considerable are the alterations which their mother-tongue has undergone in its visible manifestation. An Irishman immortalized by Anthony Trollope used to complain that abroad dishes not very different from those he was accustomed to at home came up under an unrecognizable *alias*, and added, "That's not the worst of it. I shouldn't so much mind the thing coming up under an *alias*, but what I do object to is that the *alias* sometimes comes up instead of the thing." Like that Irishman, we have a double quarrel with the Americans. If they consider the resources of our language inadequate to express their new-fangled ideas, let them at least coin new words of their own to meet the emergency, and not work our good old words to death by tacking on to them brand-new meanings. It is distressing to find our good old friend the word "smudge," both noun and verb, used in the American dialect to signify the burning of sticks to smoke out that enemy of the fisherman, the mosquito. We believe, however, that there is some authority for a kindred use of the word on this side the Atlantic. We have never been able to fathom the various meanings of "liable" in America. We remember coming upon the following sentence in an American newspaper:—"Give him a boomerang, it is the only weapon he's liable to use right"; and our author makes one of his characters say, "It's 'liable' to be a nasty night." It is distinctly trying to find "ghost" Germanized into "spook." What is meant by a "State Constable's *bête noir*" we confess ourselves unable to discover. Possibly it is American for a bottle of spirits, as we read of its being much loved by Indians. A steamer whose movements are irregular is described as "a very 'notional' craft." In America, too, it is permissible to write "most any" for "almost any"—at all events in the opinion of our author. There is, however, a garrulous artlessness about the book that goes far to reconcile one to the bad English and puzzling Americanisms with which it abounds, and even to the excruciatingly bad puns that are thrown in, we suppose out of pure lightness of heart. For instance, after recommending that trout should be eaten directly they have been caught, he adds, "The transport of eating is lessened by transportation, and their radiant spots must be seen on the spot." It is fair to say that all the attempts at humour are not of this extremely exasperating kind. The following description of a river shows, we think, an improvement:—"It is a very crooked river. One of our guides told us that it was the last one made, and it had to be coiled in wherever they had a chance to put it." Sometimes our author, though his writing cannot be said to smell of the lamp, is inspired, when treating of the gentle craft, to clothe his descriptions in language worthy of the subject. He laments on one occasion that "no allurements, in the way of diversified casts, would tempt the sportive beauties from their cool retreat." Fine language and tall talk is not, however, by any means characteristic of the book, which simply contains, as the preface tells us, "a description of a sportsman's pleasures, by a keen lover of nature." The narrative of the fishing and other adventures of himself, his wife, and his friend—a youth of a facetious turn of mind, by name Charlie—is, with one exception, not at all exciting, being a chronicle of camp life, chiefly from a gastronomical point of view, interspersed with reflections, for the most part not strikingly original, on the beauties of Nature and the delights of fishing. The difficulties of locomotion are dwelt upon with some emphasis. The following extract is a fair sample of the author at his best; and we affirm with confidence that such of our readers as are not taken with it will derive no pleasure from any of the printed chatter of the Boston fisherman, his wife, his friend, and his Indian attendant. To make the extract intelligible it must be premised that he always speaks of his wife as "the Madam," just as a funny Englishman speaks of his better-half as "the Missis," and that he has already described "the stage" to Jackson Brook (meaning the coach, not the road) and the steed attached thereto, in uncomplimentary terms. He then describes the driver and the journey as follows (p. 130):—

The driver, a veteran of some eighteen summers, bold and self-possessed, firm but modest. There you have them. The passengers to be carried,—a lady resident of Princeton, a commercial traveller, madam, and myself. . . . The commercial traveller and the samples remained at Forest Station; the balance of animate and inanimate freight went to Jackson Brook, and in this way. The seat was moved forward to the very front of the wagon, the baggage was all stowed away in the rear; the two ladies mounted the seat; madam handled the ribbons, and thus we started.

\* *Fly-fishing in Maine Lakes; or, Camp Life in the Wilderness.* By Charles W. Stevens. London: Sampson Low & Co.

"Yes, but yourself and the driver?"  
"Oh! we walked behind the wagon."

I beguiled my time by lying to the driver.

The madam had very dexterously avoided a mud-hole on one side, and a huge stone on the other, which caused the lad to say,—

"She kin drive, she kin."

"She ought to, brought up to it, sir; broke colts when she was young; can ride any horse in the world, do anything with them; born to it."

"Sho!" (walking round to the side of the wagon to get a good look)

"Is she your woman?"

"My wife, sir."

"What else can she do?"

"Shoots a little."

"You don't say so!"

"On the wing entirely, sir; bags her game every time; rarely misses. It would make you open your eyes to see her handle a ride; got a natural instinct for shooting."

"Well, I swear!"

There is, as hinted above, one thrilling adventure recorded. Our author one morning was seized with an irresistible desire to make the passage of certain rapids in a birch canoe, accompanied by the Madam, and steered by the Indian. This resolve, if travellers' tales are to be taken literally, was foolhardy in the extreme, and dictated solely with a view of enabling the Madam to boast of being the first woman who ever made the passage. Alpine climbers and other ambitious persons will understand this mainspring of action. The Indian, as we are informed in somewhat grandiloquent language, considered the business in hand so serious that he took off both his hat and coat, "and stood bareheaded and erect, with his eyes sparkling with unwonted fire," before venturing on the more dangerous part of the rapids. The feat was safely accomplished, with no worse result than a good ducking from the spray, and the Madam was duly congratulated on her exploit by an anxious band of spectators.

In chronicling the remaining expeditions several new friends are introduced upon the scene; but the Madam, Charlie, and the Indian are the only characters possessing any individuality, and the author displays no dexterity in the management of the fresh *troupe* suddenly presented to the reader. We confess to being haunted by a suspicion that at least two of the later chapters were compiled to suit the exigencies of the publisher in the matter of padding, as neither of them contains any allusion whatever to the art of fly-fishing, and one of them is not even remotely connected with piscatorial enterprise in any of its branches. There is, indeed, throughout the book a remarkable dearth of sporting news. Every now and then we are told how large the fish run in a particular lake or river; here and there a hint is vouchsafed as to the angler's equipment; and in one place the respective merits of salmon and trout are discussed from a sporting point of view. Such topics as these do not, however, form the groundwork of the book, as one might perhaps have expected from its title. They are touched upon incidentally. Technicalities have avowedly been avoided as much as possible. The object has been not to produce a fishing guide to the Maine Lakes, but to extol the beauties of nature, the pleasures of camp life, the good sayings of Charlie, and the heroic qualities of the Madam. The human interest is everywhere predominant. Vexatious accidents, from which the angler is certainly not more exempt than other mortals, are dwelt upon to the exclusion of more useful information. The broad features of the sport are subordinated to personal details. A circumstantial account is given of how the author broke the top-joint of his rod by catching the tail fly in a log forming part of a wooden pier, which, to judge by the illustration, must have been of enormous dimensions, constituting an obstacle not likely to have been overlooked even by the most unobservant of fishermen. On another occasion he contrives to drop his fly-book into the water, and treats the reader to a great variety of reflections on this untoward event, regarding it from three points of view—his own, that of the fish, and that of the facetious Charlie, of whose tongue he would seem to stand in considerable awe. Some people may find all this very entertaining, but it is not business. A man may break the top-joint of his rod, drop his fly-book into the water, and even enjoy the delights of a wordy skirmish with a friendly wag, without going to the Maine Lakes. We should have preferred to hear more about the Maine Lakes and less about the irrepressible Charlie. The undue preponderance of the personal element has, we find, been observed and commented on by other critics, for a supplementary chapter is devoted to the art of fly-fishing, at the particular request of some friends who had sought in vain for practical advice as to the kind of flies to put on, and how to use them. In reading this chapter one is struck by the deliberate tactics recommended in playing a trout:—"Five minutes," so runs the text, "is about the time required to land a pound trout, though you may frequently be ten." This surprising statement is the more remarkable, inasmuch as it would seem to conflict with a previous passage, in which our fisherman credits himself with killing fifty land-locked salmon to his own eight and a half ounce rod in one day. To be sure he omits to give the weight, but those salmon must either have been very small, or singularly unlike the *salmo ferax* of British extraction, if they allowed themselves to be landed in the time specified, by such a light rod wielded by so leisurely an angler. He must, indeed, have made unusually short work of those salmon. No wonder he looks back with satisfaction on such sport as this; and if in the department of

literature he is not likely to rival his piscatorial feats, his holiday record shows him to be possessed of good temper and a kindly disposition. We feel sure that any one going on a fishing excursion with the author, the Madam, and Charlie would "have a good time." It only remains to be said that the book is illustrated by two of the author's friends and fellow-townsmen, of whose artistic skill he expresses with becoming partiality a favourable opinion. We are sorry we cannot agree with him.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE resumption of Mommsen's Roman History (1) is a literary event whose importance is not diminished by the exceptional and supplementary character of the volume in which the historian has returned to his task. Instead of following the chronological course of events in continuous sequence, Mommsen has judged it expedient to turn aside and depict with broad, free treatment the condition of the provinces during the Imperial epoch to the time of Diocletian. The result is a volume which, though by no means out of place in a general Roman history, might have equally well stood alone as an independent work. The advantages and disadvantages of this method of proceeding seem fairly divided; on the one hand, the information thus conveyed will be of great value when the historian comes to narrate the history of Imperial Rome; on the other, there will inevitably be considerable repetition, unless the narrative is robbed of much of its light and colouring. Taking the volume as an independent whole, there can be no question of its deep interest or of its consummate mastery. The load of prodigious learning is lightly borne; and the vast mass of facts is presented in a condensed and yet animated digest. Starting with the North Italian frontier, the writer goes the round of the provinces from west to east and again westward until, like the Mussulman conqueror, he pauses at the Atlantic limit of Mauritania. Everywhere the municipal institutions of the province are sketched, and its relations with the ruling Power determined, so far as the extent of our knowledge allows. The arrangements for military defence, the civil law and administration, the condition of arts and commerce, the persistence of the original language, the events which may have disturbed the connexion of the province with the paramount Power, are all investigated and detailed; and sometimes problems rather relating to history than to administration have to be determined, as in the interesting excursus on the brief independence of Palmyra. Without any especial claims on the score of style, the volume is exceedingly readable, and gives continual pleasure from the sense of perfect mastery communicated to the reader, who feels not only his knowledge, but his intelligence, expanding under the direction of a judicious guide, perfectly certain of his data and his inferences. Of mere theory or conjecture there is hardly anything. One trifling error will be remarked in this country—the statement that the ancient British language survives in Cumberland as well as Wales.

Dr. Hantel's narrative of his adventures and experiences during the German invasion of France (2) is not the kind of book to which the historian will turn for authentic particulars of that memorable campaign in its military aspect. It affords, however, a not unamusing or valueless record of the feelings of the average German patriot, and also of the French citizen, so far as the writer's means of observation extended. The general impression conveyed is that there was little animosity on the side of the victors, and much less exasperation and patriotic indignation than might have been reasonably expected among the vanquished. Dr. Hantel evidently likes the French, and recommends many of their municipal arrangements to the imitation of his own countrymen.

The present is certainly a favourable season for the production of an extensive illustrated work on Egypt (3), even though relating to the Egypt of the Pharaohs rather than to the Egypt of Tewfik and Arabi. Herr Adolf Erman possesses a competent knowledge of hieroglyphics, and the commencement of his work promises exceedingly well. To a clear and interesting sketch of the ancient language and hieroglyphic writing succeeds one equally satisfactory of the physical constitution of the country, and the illustrations are numerous and excellent.

There is no reason why Jews should not be distinguished in the field of classical philology, but up to the present time examples of such distinction have been infrequent. The late Jacob Bernays (4), however, is a host in himself; and few more acceptable services could be rendered to philology than that which Herr Usener has performed by his reprint of such models of acuteness, precision, and objective impartiality as his late master's detached essays. Like his great countrymen, Spinoza and Mendelssohn, Bernays's literary interests had a strong philosophical colouring, and he enjoyed the special advantage of an acquaintance with the Old and New Testaments and the Fathers of the Church, rare among academical philologists. This knowledge has been turned to especial account in his masterly essay on the didactic poem passing

under the name of Phocylides, which he shows to have been written by an Alexandrian Jew, probably under Philometor, but certainly not later than Nero. Another very interesting disquisition relates to the dialogue "Aeolus," found in the works of Apuleius, but evidently a translation from the Greek, which Bernays contends was written near the beginning of the fourth century, and interpolated about half a century later. The interpolator took care to predict after the event, but the original writer possessed the gift of prophecy in its truest sense. The most important of the other essays—the celebrated investigation of the fragments of Heraclitus, and the commentary on the first book of Lucretius—are also contributions to philosophy as well as philology. The most comprehensive essay is one on the chronicle of Sulpicius Severus, which, among other interesting matter, contains evidence of Sulpicius's borrowings from Tacitus, to which no one seems to have thought of referring when the genuineness of the latter was recently the subject of controversy. More interesting to English readers is a copious estimate of Gibbon, somewhat incomplete and fragmentary, but as far as it goes perfectly sound and impartial.

Dr. Gustav Meyer (5) is not a critic of great originality, so far at least as his pleasant volume of Essays and Studies in Philology and Folklore enables us to determine. He has, however, a decided gift for presenting the results of other men's research in an intelligible and attractive form, while himself no servile imitator, but clearly competent to exercise an independent judgment on the value of his materials. Thus, in his essay on the progress of Etruscan philology, he balances the conflicting theories on this obscure subject with great fairness, and, though himself evidently inclining to the view which connects the Etruscans with the Latin family, wisely refrains from any positive decision. A paper on the ethnology of the modern Greeks asserts the practically Hellenic character of the nation, mingled as their blood may be, while at the same time calling attention to the extent of Albanian intermixture. In another article justice is rendered to the gigantic industry of the great explorer of mediæval Greek history, Constantine Sathas; another is devoted to a genial appreciation of the science of folk-lore, a term which Continental nations seem unanimous in naturalizing; and there are several minor disquisitions on individual myths and legends, as well as a particularly attractive one upon the ancient quatrains of Indian erotic poetry. A somewhat fuller acquaintance with English literature would have been beneficial to Dr. Meyer; he discourses on the Pied Piper of Hamelin without reference to the one classical embodiment of the legend in the verse of Mr. Browning; and, in attributing the refutation of Corssen's Etruscan theories to Diecke, he is evidently unaware how completely the latter had been anticipated by Isaac Taylor.

Dr. Mittermaier and Dr. Goldschmidt's work on Madeira (6) is principally medical, but necessarily contains much of interest to all visitors to the island. One piece of advice to invalids is highly important; by all means to spend the entire year in Madeira, and not the winter only, as usual. Copious tables are appended, showing the condition, treatment, length of residence, and ultimate recovery or decease of numerous individual patients.

German literature is probably not so overdone as English with narratives of Icelandic travel, and Dr. Keilhack's spirited account of his travelling experiences (7) may find a public which, but for the cause alluded to, it would merit in this country. Its genial tone is the more creditable to the writer as his experiences are not always of an agreeable nature. He was frequently cheated, especially in the matter of horses, was charged exorbitantly for board and lodging, caught typhoid fever, and reached home eventually with one shilling in his pocket. Nevertheless he keeps up his spirits, describes all he sees with graphic simplicity, and, if he rubs off some of the romance of Icelandic travel, still leaves enough to attract tourists with better constitutions and longer purses than his own.

To the praise of being one of the best of modern German novelists Berthold Auerbach (8) now adds that of being one of the best of correspondents. Two thick volumes attest the fact, filled with fifty-two years' letter-writing to Jakob Auerbach, an intimate friend, and, it is to be supposed, a kinsman. During the first fourteen or fifteen years the correspondence is comparatively scanty; it then increases with every year, and the longer Auerbach lived the more irresistible seems to have been the need for confiding his best thoughts and almost all the daily incidents of his life to this chosen friend. It affords, therefore, so far at least as respects the writer's latter years, the best attainable substitute for the autobiography he had designed to produce, but which he had scarcely time even to begin. Its character is, indeed, mainly biographical; and some disappointment may be felt at encountering fewer notices of eminent contemporaries, and the political or literary occurrences of the day, than might have been reasonably expected. It is clear, however, that this personal character is not owing to egotism, but simply to the fact that

(1) *Römische Geschichte*. Von Theodor Mommsen. Bd. 5. Die Provinzen von Caesar bis Diocletian. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

(2) *Aus dem Sieges-Jahre 1870-71. Kriegsfahrten eines Truppenarztes*. Von Dr. Georg Hantel. Elbing: Kuhn. London: Kolckmann.

(3) *Aegypten und Aegyptisches Leben im Alterthum*. Geschildert von Dr. Adolf Erman. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Kolckmann.

(4) *Gesammelte Abhandlungen*. Von Jacob Bernays. Herausgegeben von H. Usener. 2 Bde. Berlin: Hertz. London: Kolckmann.

(5) *Essays und Studien zur Sprachgeschichte und Volkskunde*. Von Gustav Meyer. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Madeira und seine Bedeutung als Heilungsort*. Von Dr. Karl Mittermaier und Dr. Julius Goldschmidt. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Kolckmann.

(7) *Reisebilder aus Island*. Von Dr. Konrad Keilhack. Gera: Reisenitz. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *Berthold Auerbach. Briefe an seinen Freund Jakob Auerbach*. Mit Vorbemerkungen von F. Spielhagen und dem Herausgeber. 2 Bde. Frankfurt: Rutter & Loening. London: Williams & Norgate.



Auerbach's correspondent was principally interested in Auerbach; and the latter's thoughts, feelings, and impressions are of themselves sufficiently interesting to furnish material for a very attractive book. Every passing mood is painted with genuine and artless simplicity, and if intellectual strength is not the leading characteristic of the letters, they will yet enhance the writer's reputation in another direction by proving how essentially and unaffectedly his temperament was that of a poet. They form a noble monument to his character as a man. He appears generous, self-forgetting, enthusiastic for the finest ideals both of life and art, and always labouring to shape both his conduct and his books accordingly. His sympathies with individuals are warm, the enthusiasm for general humanity even warmer. His latter days were greatly embittered by the persecution of the German Jews; hardly so much from a fellow-feeling with his own race as from sorrow that his country should have disgraced itself. Although the correspondence is mainly subjective; still, allusions to and descriptions of remarkable persons and transactions are not wanting. There are pictures of Lasker as an orator; of Hecker, the Baden exile, returning from America, where he had learned something but forgotten nothing; of Dingelstedt, an author with the soul of a man of affairs, who would have made an admirable figure for one of Auerbach's own novels; of the composure of Strauss's last hours, and of the effect produced by his "Old Faith and the New." Strauss remarks that he regards his friendship with Princess Alice as a beautiful episode in his life.

Heinrich von Kleist (9) was a greater genius than Berthold Auerbach; yet less interest attaches to his letters, merely as such. Goethe's saying respecting problematic natures, however, is verified in him; the hope of discovering something to throw light on his unintelligible and uncomfortable character invests his letters to his betrothed with an attraction which they would not have possessed if the writer had not subsequently become a poet, a wanderer, and a suicide. They belong, in fact, to an exceedingly immature period of a development which never attained completeness, and bear no comparison with those afterwards addressed to his sister. Some are quite frigid and pedantic; but the general character of the collection is greatly raised by the second moiety now discovered and published by Professor Biedermann, which the recipient, when, nearly forty years ago, she allowed a portion to be published by Eduard von Bülow, seems to have kept back out of sheer modesty. Bülow printed sixteen; the number is now raised to thirty-four. Wilhelmine von Zeng, the betrothed, seems to have been an excellent girl, and the rupture of the engagement to have been quite inevitable. Biography can hardly show another instance of a man of genius so hopelessly predestined to ruin as Kleist, without a single moral failing on which the catastrophe can be charged; nor, perhaps, of such total unfitness for practical life in combination with so potent a grasp of truth and reality as is evinced by his writings.

The most important contribution to the *Rundschau* (10) is the correspondence of Heine with his friend Detmold, a man of considerable mark, who, after several vicissitudes, attained office and distinction in Hanover. Detmold had an extensive connexion with the press, which frequently rendered him useful to Heine, who had especial recourse to him upon the terrible blow he received by the temporary loss of the pension paid him by his uncle Solomon. His letters, as usual, relate mainly to his very uncomfortable and unedifying private affairs, and are more deficient in thought or sentiment than those of any other man of genius. The influence of modern facilities of travel upon culture is discussed by C. Herzog, who arrives at the conclusion that it is more favourable to the material side of civilization than to the moral. Many important considerations, however, are disregarded, and indeed the subject is too great for the space. Baron von Liliencron contrasts the French style of conversation, where talk is the object, with the German and English, where it is only the means to an end, and prefers the latter. Herr Güssfeldt continues the account of his mountaineering enterprises in Chili, and Captain Herbig describes a recent visit to Corea, which he found a decaying kingdom, grievously fallen from its ancient prosperity. The capital, Seoul, has nearly 300,000 inhabitants, and is the dirtiest city in the world.

The *Nordische Rundschau* (11) seems neglectful of Scandinavia, the contents relating almost wholly to Russia or parts of the Russian Empire. They include a novel by Gustav Pipins of Riga; a paper on the unhappy Livonian Patkul, by Constantin Meltig; a somewhat prosaic translation of Nekrassow's poem, "Sascha"; and a letter of gossip from St. Petersburg, giving an account, among other things, of a recent *cause célèbre*.

#### SIR FRANCIS HINCKS'S REMINISCENCES.\*

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS was born at Cork in 1807, the year in which his father, "the Rev. Thomas Dix Hincks, founded the Royal Cork Institution." The Hincks family had been for

(9) *Heinrich von Kleist's Briefe an seine Braut*. Zum ersten Male vollständig herausgegeben von Karl Biedermann. Breslau: Schottlaender. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. xi. Hft. 6. Berlin: Paster. London: Trübner & Co.

(11) *Nordische Rundschau*. Eine Monatsschrift, herausgegeben von Erwin Bauer. Bd. 3, Hft. 1. Reval: Bauer. London: Kolckmann.

\* *Reminiscences of his Public Life*. By Sir Francis Hincks, K.C.M.G., C.B. Montreal: Drysdale & Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

many generations resident in Chester, but the grandfather of Sir Francis, who held a position in the Customs, was removed to Dublin, where in 1769 was born Sir Francis's father, an active man in all good works, who became a member of the "Benevolent Society which undertook to relieve the poor at their own houses, after personal examination by Visitors." This Society originated with the Methodists, "a very kind body of men in their way, but not fond of mixing with others." "Often," observes this pious gentleman, "have I gone through the most wretched parts of our City, at one time with a zealous Methodist, at another with a Catholic priest, and the effect produced on my mind was a growing conviction of the goodness to be found in every sect." Although this is not a reminiscence of Sir Francis, but an extract from the biography of his father, it is quoted to show how his after public life was shaped by the catholic spirit of his early private training. More than sixty years ago Sir Francis Hincks was apprenticed to a firm of merchant shippers in Belfast, and after serving five years he made a trip to Barbadoes, Demerara, and Trinidad. Meeting with Mr. George McIntosh Ross, of Quebec, he was induced to visit Canada, where he ultimately settled. It is from the period of the rebellion in 1837 that the Reminiscences begin. It was a period of "great political excitement," a "celebrated letter from Mr. Joseph Hume" being the chief cause of the stir, and leading to the formation of political societies. "A crisis," said Mr. Hume, "is fast approaching in the affairs of Canada which will terminate in independence and freedom from the baneful domination of the Mother Country and the tyrannical conduct of a small and despicable faction in the colony." The crisis which this false prophet's letter helped to bring on was not the best time for Lord Glenelg to send out Sir Francis Head to represent the King. "How Lord Glenelg could have stumbled on so much incapacity is a mystery to Canadians at this day." "I was," observes Sir Francis Hincks, "myself assured by Mr. J. A. Roebuck, M.P., that there was no doubt whatever that the appointment had been made by mistake." At this time the population of Upper Canada was divided into five classes—"namely, the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Roman Catholic Church, of the Presbyterian Church, the Wesleyan Methodists, and all the other denominations, including Baptists, Congregationalists, and Episcopal Methodists." The Churchmen and Presbyterians "generally voted for the Tory candidates, while the others voted as uniformly for the Reformers." The Wesleyan Methodists held the balance of power in "a great many constituencies, and it is generally acknowledged that the elections in 1836 were carried against the Reformers by their votes." It may be of interest to the Methodists of to-day to know that they entertained a very unfavourable opinion of Mr. Hume and supported Sir Francis Head, but at this time of day it is not of much public importance. It is not surprising to hear that the bitter dissensions of these numerous sects produced great dissatisfaction, and even brought on a monetary panic. It was the time when all the banks in the United States suspended payment, and their example was followed by those in Lower Canada, where the people seemed to be on the verge of rebellion, while no effort was spared to spread the revolt to the Upper Province. To such a pitch of heated folly did these religious and political sectaries carry matters that many old colonists came to the conclusion that "Upper Canada was no longer a desirable place of residence." A society was actually formed called "The Mississippi Emigration Society." Sir Francis Hincks tells us that he was appointed its secretary, and was entrusted with a mission to the President of the United States, the object of which was to obtain a block of land in Iowa on the usual terms of payment. "My mission was not successful," says our author, "although I was received with marked courtesy by President Van Buren, who expressed his regret that the regulations with regard to land sales rendered it impossible to prevent all intending settlers from obtaining vacant lots on paying the established price." It is not to be wondered at, after such an answer, that the secretary of the "Mississippi Emigration Society" returned to Toronto. A change had come over the troubled face of Canadian society. Lord Durham, as the new Governor-General and High Commissioner, had come to inquire into the system of government which had produced, amongst others, such lamentable results as that of Canadians emigrating to the Mississippi. "Hope took the place of despair, and all idea of emigrating was at once dismissed" from the author's mind. There was then no daily newspaper in Toronto, and Sir Francis started the *Examiner* as a weekly. "In the very first number," he says, "I had to condemn the violence of the demi-official press towards the United States. It seems hardly credible in the present day that in July 1838 the *Toronto Patriot*, then the recognized organ of the Government, was assuring its readers that 'War with the United States is inevitable, and it will be no common war, but a war of extermination.' It added, 'that to involve in the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah Buffalo, Detroit, Rochester, and Oswego would be as easy as falling off a horse.'" The account which Sir Francis Hincks gives of Lord Durham's administration is too brief to enable the reader to judge of the precise extent to which its failure was due to the cordial support which Lord Durham received from the *Examiner*; and an opportunity is thus lost of making interesting these Reminiscences to English readers who continue to read a Report which remains up till now the most important State document in Canadian annals. Sir Francis admits that Lord Durham exceeded his strictly legal powers, but declares "it

is equally certain that in doing so he adopted the wisest policy which could have been pursued under the circumstances." Here space does not permit the further following of the eventful career of Sir Francis; the Reminiscences cease to be of general interest, as it becomes necessary to explain certain long passed and purely local events by lengthy references to the columns of early newspapers—records of the debates in Provincial Parliaments, despatches from the Colonial Office, with other official correspondence, leading articles, after-dinner speeches, and cuttings from the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*—nor can it be accurately said that these things, which occupy 250 pages out of a book which numbers only 450 pages, are "Reminiscences." As contributions to colonial literature they will, no doubt, be attentively perused by the author's fellow-colonists, his surviving contemporaries in Montreal and Toronto, and the faithful friends who stood by him so long in his old constituency of "Oxford." Sir Francis served as Governor of Barbadoes and the Windward Islands, and was promoted to the Governorship of British Guiana. He was the first West Indian Governor who belonged to the Anti-Slavery Society—a worthy thing to boast of by the Governor's personal friends, but a questionable distinction in one whose high office demanded an exercise of the greatest discretion and tact. Sir Francis, having been relieved of office under the Imperial authorities, returned to Canada, and re-entered its public service in 1869. The "personal charges" brought against Sir Francis by the Canadian press—which were the subject of an inquiry by a Select Committee—make up a lively chapter in the Reminiscences, which will not fail to revive for a short space old rancours before they are finally consigned to the oblivion from which only a public man with a keen sense of what is due to his memory would have rescued them. The chapters on the *Alabama* claims, the Grand Trunk Railway, and the West Indian labour question will, no doubt, be perused with care and attention on the other side of the Atlantic. The reader will not fail to be struck with the fact that the Canada of to-day is altogether different to the Canada when Sir Francis Hincks was one of her most active spirits. Then the colony was the prey of narrow-minded placemen, whose religious differences added to the bitterness of political discussion; dissensions prevailed everywhere; while the discontent which arose from too much coldness from the Imperial authorities at one time and too much interference at other times became widespread and threatening. All this is changed, and with this salutary change has come a change of no less marked a nature over all statesmen worthy of the name, who could no more hold the same opinions now which some of them held twenty years ago regarding our responsibilities in British North America than even one Canadian public man could in our times be found willing on any terms to "go to Washington." "Canada is satisfied, not only with the prospects before her, but with the institutions under which she is prospering." Above all, her people are satisfied to be subjects of the Queen, while they are at the same time proud to be members of the British Empire. The progress which has marked the history of Canada since she became a Dominion formed by a confederation of self-governing provinces is of the most encouraging nature, and if the Reminiscences of Sir Francis Hincks serve no other purpose, they will not fail to show how rapid the progress has been, and how fair is the promise of its being permanent.

#### WAKEMAN'S HISTORY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND.\*

IT is at least open to question whether the indefinite multiplication of short "Manuals," "Epochs," "Readers," "Highways," and the like, is desirable in the interests of historical study. It is, however, a convincing proof of its vitality at the present time, and is so far to be accepted with gratitude. But, putting the general value of these productions aside, it is clearly indisputable that, if such work is to be done, the execution of it should be committed to the most competent hands available for the purpose.

Nothing could well be better in its way than Mr. Wakeman's *History of Religion in England*, which forms one of a series of *Highways of History*, now being published under the editorial supervision of Mrs. Creighton. Within the brief limits of 130 pages of small octavo, Mr. Wakeman has given a most comprehensive and accurate account of the various eras and phases of religious life and thought in England from the conversion of the early English to the Tractarian movement. The subject is approached from the only standpoint from which it can be adequately and sympathetically treated—that of the historical High Churchman. At the same time, Mr. Wakeman gives due weight and prominence to the various theological or political movements which have resulted in the establishment of Nonconformist bodies without the Communion of the Church of England. The history of religion in England is naturally divided into three periods of somewhat unequal length and interest; that of the National Pre-Conquest Church, the Papal Church of the Middle Ages, and the Post-Reformation Church—the last including the history of the rise and progress of the various Nonconformist bodies. In the first period Mr. Wakeman rightly emphasizes the enormous importance—political no less than religious—of the organizing work of Theodore and Dunstan. The story of the struggle between

Irish and Roman Christianity is briefly but clearly told, though we would gladly have seen the importance of the Synod of Whitby still further insisted on. With regard to Dunstan, Mr. Wakeman would seem to incline rather to the view popularized by Dean Milman than to that put forward by Bishop Stubbs in the preface to the *Memorials of S. Dunstan*. An examination of the latter might, it is true, have involved controversial matter foreign to the scope of Mr. Wakeman's little book, and is, therefore, perhaps rightly excluded.

Admirably balanced also is the summary of the position of the English Church from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation. All the salient features of the period are clearly brought out:—the permanent importance of the twofold policy of the Conqueror towards the Papacy and the national Church; its logical result in the struggles between Anselm and the first, Becket and the second Henry, and later that between Edward I. and Boniface VIII.; the rise of the national as opposed to the ultramontane party under Henry III.; the bitter hostility to the Papacy in the fourteenth century, and the Papal reaction—due to the policy of the Lancastrians—in the fifteenth. In his description of the progress of the Reformation movement Mr. Wakeman is not less lucid and impartial. But for all his judicial fairness he makes it clear that he is totally at variance with Mr. Froude's view of the motives and character of Henry VIII. Nor does he conceal the scorn with which he obviously regards both the political Reformation carried out by Henry VIII. and the religious compromise effected by Elizabeth, the result of which was the "uniting the cautious and indifferent at the expense of energy and vitality."

The limits of the Catholic restoration under Mary are clearly marked, as are the general results of the sixteenth-century movement. Mr. Wakeman strongly insists on the evil results of the dependence of the Church on the Crown, and the complete deadlock to which ecclesiastical legislation has thereby been brought:—"The Church cannot act without Parliament, and Parliament will not act for the Church if it can help it. The Royal supremacy is exercised, not by the anointed and responsible Christian Prince, but by the chairman of a committee of the majority of Parliament, who may be of any religion or of none at all." The rise of the Puritans and Protestant Dissenters, the attempted reaction under Laud, the close union of Church and State re-established by Clarendon, and the perplexing dilemma presented by the events of the Revolution to the Anglican Jacobites, are all briefly but comprehensively sketched.

It is not easy to deal with the religious history of the eighteenth century at all satisfactorily in a work intended primarily for the young; older readers will naturally have recourse to Mr. Pattison's famous contribution to *Essays and Reviews* or to Mr. Leslie Stephen. But Mr. Wakeman has succeeded surprisingly well in summarizing the important features of the Deist and Trinitarian controversies, and in showing the enormous influence of the Wesleyan revival upon the dull and torpid Church of the last century.

Not by any means the least interesting chapter of the book is the one containing an account of the "Oxford movement," and a review of the position and prospects of religion in England at the present day. It is needless to say that the whole of this vital question is handled in a most sympathetic spirit, though nowhere in the book is the author's moderation and good sense more conspicuous. He clearly recognizes the new and pressing problems with which the Church is called upon to deal—the forces of democracy, the spirit of earnest and searching criticism, the zeal for higher and better education. But he shows, too, that the Church is more fully alive than ever she has been before to the necessity of facing and of solving these and like problems. Weakened by the loss of State support, the Church is strong, stronger than ever, in the zeal, energy, and self-sacrificing devotion of her own members, lay no less than clerical. Above all, the Church is adapting herself with conspicuous success to the pressing political, social, and intellectual needs of the age. "We have seen the Church," writes Mr. Wakeman, "national before the Conquest, Papal during the Middle Ages, monarchical under the Tudors and Stuarts, aristocratic under the Hanoverians. She is now popular."

Mr. Wakeman is to be sincerely congratulated on having produced, not merely a concise and accurate summary admirably adapted to the purpose in view, but a little volume of real and general interest. We cannot part from him without expressing the hope that the sketch under notice is but the prelude to a work on the same lines, but of a more pretentious character.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GASTON PARIS, in reprinting some of his lectures and essays (1) on early French poetry during the last twenty years, makes a kind of apology for publishing work of a less severe and specialist kind than that with which he usually occupies himself. The apology will certainly be accepted, or rather it may be said that it was not in the least required. We venture, indeed, to think that there is something unfortunate in the practice which M. Paris describes, and by which a savant "consent volontiers à laisser à d'autres le soin de mettre en œuvre ses matériaux." The distinction between savants and popularisers too often passes

\* *Highways of History—The History of Religion in England.* By Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Bursar and Tutor of Keble College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1885.

(1) *La poésie du moyen-âge.* Par Gaston Paris. Paris: Hachette.



into one between savants and sciolists. With M. Gaston Paris one may agree or disagree where the points are points of opinion, such as theories of comparative mythology or the connexion between French and Latin prosody. Where the points are points of fact, whatever he says may be accepted with a serene confidence. The literary and critical merits of the essays and lectures here given are, moreover, so considerable, that they supply an additional reason for regretting their fewness. We say advisedly that the introductory lecture on the general characteristics of old French poetry, originally delivered nineteen years ago, is one of the best treatments, if not quite the best, treatment of its subject extant. At the other end of the book the notice of the author's father, the ever-to-be-regretted Paulin Paris, is extremely interesting, and avoids the two charges of being unflinching and uncritical with singular felicity. The paper on the Chanson de Roland, composed in the terrible year 1870, savours of a rather special intention, as was natural. But "L'Ange et l'Ermite" is a good example of a species of handling which demands at once extensive literary knowledge and considerable literary tact—the tracing, that is to say, of a favourite subject through the work of successive ages and artists. Perhaps M. Paris is a little too kind to Parnell in calling his *Hermit* "l'un des meilleurs produits de l'ancienne poésie anglaise," but compliments, like gifts, must not be examined too narrowly. That early, if not earliest, example of comic literature in a modern European tongue, the journey of Charlemagne to the East, gives another subject, and the French imitations of the *Ars Amoris* another; while the large and important question of the origins of French literature, and the credit due to its several elements, is treated nearly as well as it possibly can be in the space allotted to it. Hardly any of these papers are new to those interested in the subject; but they well deserved reproduction in a collected form.

We have three historical monographs of some merit before us. M. Nourrisson's book on Turgot, Necker, and Bailly (2) is careful and estimable. But it is a curious instance of the French literary habit of looking at its own navel that, in a long list of works on Turgot, Mr. John Morley's essay—certainly not the least remarkable work on the subject—is not so much as mentioned. M. Roselly de Lorgues's book on Columbus (3) is a curious and not very defensible one. It is written from a strongly religious point of view, and may, perhaps, be described as an account of the ecclesiastical results of the discovery of America, and of the attitude of the Church towards the discoverer. M. Gérard de Contades has edited excellently the *Souvenirs* of his namesake and relation in regard to the unhappy military affairs of the emigration (4). The part relating to Quiberon speaks very highly of Sir John Warren and his officers, and shows once more, and but too clearly, how the disaster was owing to the disunion and incapacity of the emigrant leaders.

There is again before us a parcel of novels of which it is difficult to say much. M. Ernest Daudet (5) writes with his customary care and knowledge, and is, as usual, readable; though, like his brother, he perhaps tries at too much "actuality," while he has a heavier hand. *Le supplice d'une mère* (6) has a certain interest of situation, and is well executed. *La Comtesse Suzanne* (7) is a shorter and slighter book than either of these, but it is not ill hit off, and shows that the author of *Misé Féréal* has a good deal of talent in him. *Marcelle* (8) is a more elaborate study of character in a young girl than French novelists usually care to attempt, and it is done with pathos. *Dans la vieille rue* (9) fairly supports the merit of *Les incertitudes de Livia*, if it does not much advance M. Forsan's rank as a novelist. As for *La Comtesse Schylock* (10), Jews and finance are subjects of which we are rather tired in French novels; but other readers may be less difficult to please. M. Saint-Landri's "imbécile" (11) is to some extent a fool of chance; we could weep for him a little, but not much. On the other hand, to finish up a novel, as M. Sales does (12), with a double suicide, requires rather a stronger leading up to the finish than he has given. Of *L'été des fruits secs* (13) it is perhaps sufficient to say that it is as different as possible from the books of the late Jules Vallès, which its title suggests.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**MR. EDWARD BUTLER'S** *For Good Consideration* (Elliot Stock) is notable for the novel application of legal maxims to Christian ethics. Some of the illustrations of these dry forms are neat and effective. The essays that complete the volume are of no great merit, though pleasing in style.

(2) *Trois révolutionnaires—Turgot, Necker, Bailly.* Par Nourrisson. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Histoire posthume de Christophe Colomb.* Par le Comte Roselly de Lorgues. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Souvenirs du Comte de Contades.* Par le Comte Gérard de Contades. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Les reins cassés.* Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Le supplice d'une mère.* Par Edouard Delpit. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *La Comtesse Suzanne.* Par J. Vincent. Paris: Plon.

(8) *Marcelle.* Par Daniel Lesneur. Paris: Lemerre.

(9) *Dans la vieille rue.* Par Forsan. Paris: Ollendorff.

(10) *La Comtesse Schylock.* Par G. d'Oreot. Paris: Plon.

(11) *Le roman d'un imbécile.* Par Saint-Landri. Paris: Ollendorff.

(12) *Louise Mornans.* Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(13) *L'été des fruits secs.* Par F. de Cured. Paris: Ollendorff.

All readers of Mr. Henry George should complete their economic studies by assimilating, if possible, Mr. Edward Clark's *Man's Birthright* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Mr. Clark affirms that the positions taken by his friend Mr. George can never be overthrown by the human intellect. Yet here is Mr. Clark, with a notion purloined from another friend, Mr. David Reeves Smith, able to correct the errors of the unassailable Mr. George, whom he finds in "a remarkable and indefensible position." Mr. George would tax land "to the verge of confiscation. Here is his radical error, the fatal weakness of his logic." When good economists fall out, we know what follows. As Mr. Clark proudly observes that his (or Mr. Smith's) notion or "discovery" will only be comprehended or appreciated a hundred years hence, it seems presumptuous to reveal it. It is very simple, however, and only less impracticable and puerile than the Georgian scheme of robbery. What Mr. Chamberlain regarded as "ransom," Mr. Clark calls "natural rent." Not land alone, but all property, will be taxed in Mr. Clark's millennium, and this "natural rent" of the sovereign people will be devoted to improving their condition. The sovereign people, as the sovereign landlord, receives this rent, which, "based on the average mortality of citizens, falls into the form of an *ad valorem* tax on assets." This, in Mr. Clark's opinion, embodies the higher law of property:—"It is the eleventh commandment, without which the other ten will have small opportunity of fulfilment." In the meanwhile, for a hundred years landowners and others with "assets" may take heart.

A curious index to popular taste is afforded by the Rev. James King's *Anglican Hymnology* (Hatchards). Mr. King has collated fifty-two collections of hymns with a view to discover the most popular hymns in use. The result is a most interesting and suggestive book. The author's account of the 325 hymns, which follows the first line or stanza of each, gives all necessary information, while his statistics are well worth study. Of these hymns all appeared in fifteen or more Hymnals, and one—Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn—was found in no fewer than fifty-one.

Mr. W. D. Chester's *Chronicles of the Customs* (Privately printed) is a most interesting and creditable compilation involving diligent research and care, illustrated with some curious views of Sir Christopher Wren's, Ripley's, and the present London Custom House before alteration. The book is in every way so worthy of public support that we hope Mr. Chester—who appeals to the verdict of the public in his preface—will not limit another edition to private circulation.

Mr. J. T. Slugg's *Woodhouse Grove School* (T. Woolmer) is just what a school history should be—thorough, comprehensive, and methodical in arrangement. All interested in the great Wesleyan school and the story of its growth and influence will find Mr. Slugg's book full of suggestion.

Mr. G. May's *Ballooning* (Symons & Co.) is the third volume of "The Specialist's Series" of handbooks on "recent technical subjects." Aërostation is scarcely a recent science, though its development for practical purposes has been greatly stimulated of late. Mr. May's little book is naturally more devoted to the practical view of ballooning than its romance and history, though these are not neglected.

The April number of Dr. Richardson's quarterly *The Asclepiad* (Longmans & Co.) contains an admirable account of Vesalius and his work in anatomy, with an excellent autotype reproduction of the portrait from the *Epitome de Humani Corporis Fabrica*. The *Apothecary* (Elliot Stock) is a full and interesting account of the Society of Apothecaries, one of the oldest City Companies, written by the Master, Dr. George Corfe. The third volume of *The Royal Shakspeare* (Cassell & Co.) includes, under Mr. Furnivall's editing, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Edward III.*

The third edition of Sir Arthur Cotton's *Public Works in India* (Madras: Higginbotham & Co.) is accompanied by an introduction on the Godavery works by Major-General J. F. Fischer, R.E., in which the Board of Revenue is severely handled.

The utility of Mr. Macleod's valuable work *The Elements of Banking* (Longmans & Co.) is increased by the appendix of the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882, which appears in the seventh edition.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to MR. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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**LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square, S.W.**—The FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the MEMBERS will be held in the Reading-Room on Thursday, May 29, at Three P.M.  
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**THE OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.**—The PROFESSORSHIP of PURE MATHEMATICS will become VACANT, through the resignation of Professor Barker, at the end of the current Session.  
 Candidates for the Chair are invited to forward applications and testimonials addressed to the Council of the College, under cover to the Registrar, not later than Monday, June 1 next. Information concerning the terms and conditions of the appointment will be forwarded on application to J. G. GREENWOOD, LL.D., Principal of the College.  
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Total Amount of Claims upon Death .....	£2,373,688
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus ...	£437,347

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